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MINNIE BELL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY CARRIE MYER.

Lovely was our cottage,
For the flowers were bright,
And the birds sang gaily,
In the morning light;
Yet, it seemed, a presence,
Something beautiful and rare,
Still was missing everywhere,
Till a little charmer came—
She who bears the gentle name—
Joyous sylphide, Minnie Bell!
Sweetest blossom of the dell!

Now the pinks and roses
Bloom with fresher life,
And the morning glories,
In a loving strife,
With the woodbine climbing,
Lift their leaves around the door,
Brighter, greener than before,
Since the little charmer came,
Idol love from all to claim,
Little lady, Minnie Bell!
Gayest fairy of the dell!

VIOLET;

OR,

THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE

BY PIERCE EGAN.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER LXI.

Lady Kingswood, having hastily summoned assistance on the instant Philip Avon took his departure, applied restoratives to the senseless Lady Maud, and as soon as she exhibited signs of returning animation, had her conveyed to her own chamber. She then seated herself by her side, and dismissed the servants, that she alone might be near her on her awakening to consciousness.

Lady Kingswood was deeply disturbed by what had happened that morning. For a time she forgot her own carking anxieties and griefs, and her mind became absorbed in reflections upon Lady Maud's admission, so grave in its probable consequences, and her conduct to Philip Avon.

Lady Kingswood, for the last two or three years, had entertained a notion that Lady Maud's affection for her son Cyril was something stronger than friendship or the emotion which is supposed to be created by near relationship; still she believed it to be the first liking of a girl, which would be quickly displaced by the "proper" attachment she would form for the man who was to become her husband, and she took no steps to caution Maud to keep her heart in control.

While herself yet single, she had been pleased with the attentions of the Marquis of Chillingham, then Lord Budeley. So pleased, indeed, that she preferred him to Lord Kingswood, to whom she had been betrothed. But she was so imbued with the traditions of her family and her class, that she never dreamed of suffering her heart's impressions to interfere with the disposal of her hand.—She assumed that Maud would think as she had done. If she found that her inclining for one object in particular was overstepping the bounds of prudent control, she would retrace her steps, and keep her love for the legitimate purpose of bestowing it with her hand.

Lady Kingswood suspected, from the change in Lady Maud's appearance, in her mien, in her whole deportment, that her mind was oppressed with the weight of a secret, and what secret could one so pure and guileless as her have but love? At first, as we have said, Lady Kingswood thought but little of this, it was so natural that Lady Maud should be fond of her cousin Cyril; he was so handsome, so cheerful, so animated, and withal himself much attached to her; but to this fondness there was a natural limit; and when Lady Maud, who had been herself a light-hearted, lively creature, full of sunshine and joy, became silent, pensive, pale, and ultimately wandered in her sleep, Lady Kingswood saw that the limit had been passed, and that it was needful to induce her to reveal her secret trouble, and then to reason her out of it, so that she might take the husband Lord Kingswood had selected for her, and be afterwards happy in her married life.

Lady Kingswood shuddered as she acknowledged to herself that the wedding-ring she would receive would be but as a ticket in a lottery, in which prizes were the exception, and blanks the bitter, painful and heart-breaking rule.

In this Lady Kingswood fell into the error from which few of us are free. She measured the histories of married lives in general by her own.

But even though she entertained this opinion, she had no doubt in her own mind that Lord Kingswood, having chosen the son of a baronet of ancient family, of considerable wealth, and possessed of large estates, it was the duty of Lady Maud to accept him without a question as to how far her heart might be compromised by such an union.

She, in pursuance of her plan, had elicited from Lady Maud that she was in love, and she was not a little startled by the revelation—not that she was surprised to hear that she had lost her heart, but she was unpleasantly amazed to find that it was not Cyril who had found it.

As for Philip Avon, it was quite clear that he had succeeded in raising only feelings of repugnant antipathy in her breast; who, then, could it be who had made himself master of her first love, the sweetest, tenderest, most genuine and unselfish of human passions?

Lady Kingswood racked her brain, but in vain. Lady Maud had, it is true, mixed in society in London. She had come out at the proper time, and had attracted considerable attention, but although she had been the object of direct admiration to several, Lady Kingswood was quite convinced that Lady Maud had not reciprocated the emotion she had evidently created.

There had been no visitors at Kingswood House in London who could have had the chance of prosecuting in secret a love-suit with Lady Maud. At Kingswood Hall there had been no one but Philip Avon to woo, and he had played the part of a lover so uncouthly that Lady Kingswood was by no means surprised to find that Lady Maud looked upon him with feelings far more akin to dislike than affection.

A strange, deadly thrill ran through her frame as the clear-complexioned, fine, open face of Erle Gower crossed her mental vision.

Yet it was impossible that he could have won her heart! The youth was haughty and reserved. He had been but little in her company, and had, in fact, displayed rather a disposition to be hostile and antagonistic to all the family than to approach any individual member with love-pleadings.

And then a hot scarlet flush bathed her cheek. *He* to woo Lady Maud! *he*—the nameless and unacknowledged! *He!* whose very existence made her at once the most degraded, unfortunate, and the unhappiest of women. He to woo Lady Maud and win her priceless love! Impossible!

Yet he had once, at the imminent risk of his own life, saved her from a terrible death, and now Lady Kingswood suddenly remembered that since that time Lady Maud had scarcely, if ever, mentioned his name to her, but that she had repelled the defamatory insults which Philip Avon had heaped upon him, and the terrible accusations which Pharisee had insinuated rather than preferred against him with indignant if not passionate scorn.

Once upon this trail, Lady Kingswood tracked with care each incident which might be brought in some way to bear upon her present surmise. The events, as forming a chain of evidence, were feeble and inconclusive, but there were one or two of them which were startlingly confirmatory of the truth of her first vague suspicion.

She tried to dismiss her impressions and her fears with impatient expressions of wonder at her own folly in entertaining such an absurd conceit. Yet she could not, in spite of her sense of what was due to Lady Maud's position, help mentally acknowledging that the handsome face, fine figure, and commanding bearing of Erle weakened the absurdity of a young, simple, and innocent creature like Lady Maud being smitten by them.

She began to entertain most unpleasant misgivings about the old library, in connection with the sudden reappearance of the phantom whom Erle was said to resemble. It was also a source of uneasiness to her when she remembered the effect which Philip Avon's allusion to this event had upon her.—It was true that Lady Maud had, ever since her last arrival, disappeared in the morning to visit, as Lady Kingswood now supposed, the old library; and it was also true that Lady Maud, from a child, had been fond of visiting the solemn old chamber, to pore over some of the quaint, antique lore stored away on its shelves. She had done this long before Erle appeared like a spectre of evil upon the scene, and there was not therefore any cause to be surprised that she should do so now.—Still Philip Avon's mention, with singular significance, of the phantom of the hunter-baron, and Maud's evident perturbation, if not absolutely a confirmation of her new fears, went some way to strengthen them.

The idea once conceived, took a strange hold upon her mind, and a cold, numbing faintness seized her. She had believed it impossible to add to the mental torture she already suffered, but she found her present reflections a subject calculated to inflict an anguish almost as acute as the conduct of Lord Kingswood had occasioned her.

She felt that she could be brought to forgive Lady Maud if she even formed a *mesalliance*, but to fling away her heart upon one who was born to be her—Lady Kingswood's bane, the ruin of her domestic happiness, the blight upon her honor, the monument of her degradation—was to commit an act, which, much as she loved her, she could never pardon.

Under these feelings she watched the slow recovery of Lady Maud to sensibility with the greatest anxiety and even trepidation.—For, aware that no time was to be lost in determining the truth or the injustice of her suspicion, she was afraid that her worst apprehensions would be verified. She was the more incited to this belief because Cyril, having been put out of the category very decisively by Lady Maud, and her conduct having yet more peremptorily exhibited a positive aversion to Philip Avon, there appeared to remain only Erle, who could have enslaved her young and weak mind. Weak in the estimation of Lady Kingswood—for in her girlish days she had been a flirt, and held in very light estimation all the dashing young fellows who paid court to her. She was in those days hard of belief and, selfish. She suffered the soft whisperings of passionate nonsense to pass in at one ear and out of the other. She laughed at love-pleadings from any one, even from the Marquis of Chillingham, then the most ardent and persevering of her admirers. She was betrothed to Lord Kingswood, and that was a positive determination of her destiny; therefore her levity in the treatment of young, handsome, and noble members of the aristocracy she regarded as a pastime in which she was entitled to engage, not less from a certain strength of mind she possessed, than because she considered herself as irrevocably tied to Lord Kingswood, though the marriage-knot had yet to be tied. Thus, as Lady Maud was now conscious that she was, by the will of Lord Kingswood, acting as her father's representative, to be united to Philip Avon, any surrender of her affections to another individual, was an example of girlish weakness, which it would be quite as laudable as necessary to overcome.

PHARISEE'S IGNOMINIOUS EXPULSION.

When Lady Maud opened her eyes and recognized the face of Lady Kingswood bending over her, she heaved a deep sigh. Then her eyes, with an anxious expression in them, took a survey of the apartment, and the lids closed over them in relief as she perceived that Lady Kingswood and herself were alone.

Gradually, as her thoughts went back to the moment when insensibility came upon her, a rosy tint suffused her cheek and brow. She rose up suddenly from her reclining attitude, and would have quitted her couch, but that Lady Kingswood prevented her.

"Remain where you are, my dear Maud," she exclaimed, hastily. "You have but now recovered from a swoon; you are weak and far from well; repose, therefore, and a calm mind will be necessary to re-establish your health."

Lady Maud remained by the side of Lady Kingswood, but she did not reply.

Lady Kingswood kept her eyes fixed upon her face. She saw that she had become pale as death again.

Lady Maud instinctively apprehended the examination which was about to take place. She inwardly prayed to be guided aright in the course she might pursue, not that she had any definite notion of the path it would be the most advisable for her to take. Indeed, she had no cunning, and though not deficient in quickness of perception and sagacity neither the one nor the other were of a kind to lead her into deceptive wariness or astute reticence.

One thing she only felt—it was, that Erle's honor, good name—perhaps safety—were in her keeping; and rather than betray them, she was prepared to suffer in silence, and uncomplainingly, all the trials and pain this determination might impose upon her.

"You have become deathly white again, Maud," said Lady Kingswood to her, gently. "Do you feel your faintness returning?"

Lady Maud dropped her head slightly, and answered in a low voice—"No."

"I will not quit you, dearest," continued Lady Kingswood, in a tender tone; "therefore lay your head upon this cushion, and perhaps a little sleep—"

"I do not wish to sleep," murmured Lady Maud. "I—I—am not ill."

"But you fainted while Mr. Philip Avon was speaking to you. If you were not ill, why should you be so seriously overcome?" observed Lady Kingswood.

"I do not like him," returned Lady Maud, with some slight emphasis.

Lady Kingswood replied also with some emphasis in her voice—

"Sometimes we form most erroneously both likes and dislikes. I admit that Mr. Philip Avon is somewhat uncouth in his observations as well as in his manners. Both are the result of country education and country life. They are, however, but encrustrations, which can be removed, and by no one so effectually as a young, charming gentlewoman, to whom he is passionately attached. For the rest, Mr. Avon is in person and figure a young, bold-looking fellow, who would favorably attract the attention of many of our sex young as yourself whose hearts and whose hands might happen to be disengaged. Then he has an ancient name, will inherit a baronetcy and extensive estates, and he possesses great county influence, equally with your uncle, Lord Kingswood. And he has a further merit, which should be a great one in your eyes. He has not only proposed for your hand, but he brings with his proposal a heart burning with an ardent love for you. You should, therefore, make an effort to conquer your dislike, because it is unjust, it is founded upon a mere whim—"

"No, oh, no!" interposed Lady Maud, hurriedly.

"A mere caprice of taste," continued Lady Kingswood; "a weak girl's idle impression that he does not come up to an ideal which in some of your dreamy hours you have created. I have lived long enough, and have mixed sufficiently with my own sex, Maud, to know that young maidens of your age almost universally begin by sketching a picture of the being they intend to honor with their hand, and end by finding that their creation was either a statue whose exterior was fair to look upon, but within all was hollow and worthless, or by accepting a creature as unlike their ideal as a Satyr is to an Apollo. This is an error of judgment, which, if not corrected in time, is usually productive of much misery. In Mr. Philip Avon you have a young man of unobjectionable exterior, of ancient descent, and of wealthy possessions; in addition to which he is devoted to you, imbued, in fact, with a passion—I might say an adoration—of which any woman might be proud, because he elevates you, when he makes you his wife, above all other women. Your dislike, therefore, is as I have characterized it, a hasty, unconsidered impression, which you will do wisely for your future happiness to at once correct."

Lady Kingswood gazed into Lady Maud's face as she concluded, in the hope of finding that her reasoning was making some impression upon her; but Lady Maud's face, still white, seemed immovably rigid, and betrayed no sign that she was favorably moved by a single argument. There was a slight contraction of her brow, but it was rather a symbol of pain and grief than any other emotion.

Disturbed as much by her silence as by the impassibility of her features, Lady Kingswood proceeded in more emphatic and somewhat harsher tones—

"The error of judgment of which I have spoken, Lady Maud, weak and foolish as it is, is not so bad nor so highly reprehensible as that fatal error of liking where you should scorn, of forming a too favorable opinion of one who can never be other to you than a stranger, without precipitating you into ruin, shame, and disgrace."

Lady Maud's eyebrows contracted yet more decidedly, and her lips compressed a little more tightly, as those significant words reached her ear, but she still remained perfectly silent.

"One of these states of feeling," continued Lady Kingswood, increasing the sternness of her tone, "is but too often dependent on the other. The emotion of dislike is brought into play by the unfortunate liking, let the latter emotion be created when it may. And unhappily the dislike is usually heightened in the exact ratio as the liking increases in warmth."

Lady Kingswood might well be the exponent of the argument she was using; it was very certain that as soon as she began to listen to the attentions of the Marquis of Chillingham, her dislike to her husband, Lord Kingswood, assumed a bitter and vindictive form.

Lady Maud continued silent; she did not attempt to acquiesce in or to dispute Lady Kingswood's argument, and the latter became, therefore, proportionably the more determined and dogmatic in her observations.

"You have confessed to me, Lady Maud," she continued, a color coming into her cheek, and a haughtiness commingling with her gravity, "that you have fallen in love—fallen in love," she repeated, with a scornful curl of the lip. "Schoolgirls fall in love with their Italian master or the poor creature who teaches them drawing, or the man who unfolds to them the mysteries of music, and in a very short time they awake from their childish insanity to blush hotly, and be violently angered with themselves for having been so feeble-minded and weak-spirited—awake to look back in self-contempt upon their poor, vain fribble. Now, this love that you fancy you entertain, is, I much fear, something very much of the nature of what I have described—"

Lady Maud rose up, and with a heaving bosom and brightening eye, interposed—"Lady Kingswood," she said, in a trembling voice, "you have had experience I am aware. You have, no doubt, during your past married life, and perhaps previously, met with persons animated by feelings such as you have described. I do not deny the correctness of your assertions until you personify me. So long as your ladyship confined yourself to generalities, I felt that they did not apply to me, and, therefore, ought not to affect me, but when you make a deliberate charge against me, when you include me in the category of the poor fribbles, who have acted in the weak and culpable manner you have described, I must protest against its truth."

Lady Kingswood rose too. "Did you not, Lady Maud," she exclaimed, excitedly, "confess to me that you loved?"

"You extorted that confession from me, Lady Kingswood," returned Maud, in a fainter tone.

"Extorted it!" cried Lady Kingswood, sharply. "I am not conscious of having done any such thing. To me it seems that it was a gratuitous acknowledgment."

"No," returned Maud. "Oh, Lady Kingswood, you must be aware that it could never have been spoken by me under present circumstances had you not watched over me in my sleep, heard words muttered in my dreams, and then repeating them to me, with certain comments of your own, presented to me an interpretation of them which, without destroying my truthfulness, I could not have denied."

Lady Kingswood stood immoveable; her face had grown white, too, her eyes were fixed on Maud's face, her nostrils were inflated, her lips scarcely visible, and her bosom heaved and fell under the powerful inward emotion which Lady Maud's last observation had created.

It was a fact—a truth! She loved, and the object of her love was a secret—was it? Lady Kingswood had asked the question, but the answer had been prevented by interruption. If she repeated it now, would Lady Maud answer it with open candor?

She had an impression that she would, but somehow she feared to put the question—feared to have her horrible suspicion verified.

She had no doubt that Erle was Lord Kingswood's son, but with the bar sinister on his escutcheon. The Marquis of Chillingham had certainly told her that Lord Kingswood had married this boy's mother, but that statement fell dead on her ear. She never for one instant entertained a doubt that she was Lord Kingswood's wife—but it would have required some superhuman powers of persuasion to have induced her to believe that Erle was not her husband's son under circumstances the most outrageously insulting to her.

She might therefore well feel, with implacable bitterness, a communication from Lady Maud's lips that she loved Erle. She might well hesitate to ask for it, because she was attached to Lady Maud, and such an acknowledgment as she dreaded would necessarily separate them for ever in this world, unless Maud sacrificed her feelings, and consented never to see or think of Erle more.

Several times Lady Kingswood essayed to speak, but the words seemed to cling to her throat and to refuse to be articulated. At length she said, panting as she spoke—"I will concede to you, Lady Maud, the view you take of the revelation—the grave, the very serious confession you have made to me—one, I hope, uttered thoughtlessly, and originating in an inconsiderate estimation of the real powers and capabilities of your heart."

"No, Lady Kingswood!" exclaimed Lady Maud, with a startling, passionate fervor in her tone.

Lady Kingswood involuntarily shrank from her. It was evident that her ejaculation gave her great pain. She closed her eyes like one suffering from a sudden spasm, but after a moment's pause she turned her face, with a sad and gloomy expression, to the pale, young, trembling girl before her, so timid as a rule, so brave and firm exceptionally.

"Be it so," she ejaculated, coldly. "You are resolved on this point not to leave me in doubt. There is also another point on which I demand of you—I command you—to no longer leave me in doubt, and that is, that you communicate to me who the person is, who has thus basely and surreptitiously deprived you of your heart?"

Lady Maud threw up her head proudly for a moment, but she saw how seriously Lady Kingswood was affected, and her voice and manner became low and trembling as before.

"Lady Kingswood," she said, "you err in your supposition. You are, too, guilty of a cruel injustice. My love has not been won from me basely or surreptitiously; on the contrary, it has been frankly and freely bestowed. You wrong me also, Lady Kingswood, in presuming that I love where I cannot honor. He to whom I have given my heart is noble and generous in sentiment and spirit. He would scorn to be guilty of a mean or dishonorable action. I would stake my life upon his being a true and loyal gentleman, who would proudly dare a living man to cast an aspersion on him in his presence, and who would meet and disprove it as became his honor if uttered in his absence. Personally and mentally he is not second to the bravest, noblest, highest in the land. Undaunted in courage, gentle in spirit, truthful in thought and action, and incapable of producing a blush on the cheek of another, or upon his own, he requires no ancient name, nor title, nor vast worldly possessions to claim that seat in my heart which he, even unconsciously himself, won, and from which, Lady Kingswood, no living earthly power can displace him."

She removed almost angrily a sudden gush of tears which forced themselves into her eyes, and she confronted Lady Kingswood with a firmer aspect than she had previously assumed.

Lady Kingswood's uneasiness did not abate by what she heard; on the contrary, it rather increased.

"This human paragon," she said, in cold tones, "has a name, I presume? Communicate it to me."

"Pardon me, Lady Kingswood," replied Lady Maud, rather decidedly. "That is a portion of the secret which does not belong to you to demand, or even to me to reveal. That I love, I have admitted. That admission it was my exclusive right to make, but there for the present I must pause, and entreat you not to press me further, only to receive from my lips a succession of refusals as painful to you as to me."

"Lady Maud," returned Lady Kingswood, severely, "probably you will be good enough to step from your pedestal of romance into this every-day, working world. You will remember that while love, as a theoretical passion, may be a very pleasant emotion to persons young and weak as yourself, there is also a principle of yet more importance both socially and morally—it is duty. You must be taught, if unconscious of it, that station has its duties, from which it is not possible to depart, without losing caste; that being a young lady of title, inheriting an honorable name, you cannot sacrifice that and all the responsibilities attached to it for an idea. You are the Lady Maud St. Clair, moving in a high sphere, and known to the world as such. You cannot fix your affections at will upon some unknown person, and sacrifice name, fame, and all who are nearly connected with you, because you happened to be fascinated by some individual lurking in secrecy, and you clothe him with attributes not one of which he probably possesses. You must make sacrifices to your position—"

"Lady Kingswood, I am asked—nay, I am sternly commanded—to sacrifice peace, happiness, even self-respect for the sake of my station," cried Lady Maud, with passionate earnestness.

"Your self-respect, Lady Maud?" echoed Lady Kingswood.

"My self-respect, Lady Kingswood," repeated Lady Maud, with excitement. "Has not Lord Kingswood commanded me, have you not exhorted me to give my hand to Mr. Philip Avon?"

"But, Lady Maud," responded Lady Kingswood, "this is a marriage—"

"Of horror, of degradation, of contamination to me, Lady Kingswood," cried Lady Maud, passionately. "I detest, abhor, loathe this man. His aspect, his manner, his whole being is to me intensely odious. I sicken at his name; I shudder at his approach. I believe him to be untruthful and unworthy, yet Lord Kingswood would drag me before Heaven's own altar, and insist upon my false swearing myself, would compel me to register a vow to love, to honor, and to obey him—him who of all men living I detest, despise, and would never render obedience to. I might, Lady Kingswood, be prepared to make some sacrifices to a station which, under mere pressures, is painfully irksome to me; but that I will barter my self-respect, outrage my sense of truth, violate every sentiment with which happiness and virtue are bound up in this life—I cannot, I WILL NOT, Lady Kingswood!"

Lady Kingswood gazed at her with astonishment for a few minutes, seemingly bewildered by the force of her reasoning. But presently she recovered herself, and said, with some vehemence, although she preserved the lofty haughtiness she had assumed:—"Lady Maud, you are still regarding this question from an exceedingly romantic point of view. This is not a question of love at all, it is a question of duty, Lady Maud. *I* have made duty my lode-star through life; *I* have made continuous sacrifices for duty; and *I*—"

The door gently opened, and Mrs. Muddlemist put her head in, and then glided in immediately afterwards.

"Oh, if you please, m'lady," she said, approaching Lady Kingswood, "Mr. Pharisee, Lord Kingswood's valet, has arrived, m'lady, and he wishes to see your ladyship. I believe, m'lady, he brings a special message from his lordship, m'lady, and is requested by his lordship to deliver it himself to your ladyship, m'lady."

Lady Kingswood turned a ghastly hue as she received this announcement, and she involuntarily staggered back a step or two. It had arrived in the midst of her lecture on duty somewhat inopportunely.

She waved her hand hastily to the housekeeper.

"I—a—I will see Pharisee," she said, in a voice which had grown husky. "Conduct him to my boudoir, Muddlemist; I will see him there."

Mrs. Muddlemist went through the ceremony of an elaborate curtsey, and then trolled, or rather strutted, in her peculiar old-fashioned stately way.

Lady Kingswood, whose manner had strangely altered within the last few minutes, having changed from *hauteur* to humility, turned to Lady Maud, and said—

"It is important that we should again confer upon this subject. I hope yet to prevail with you, Maud; at present you entertain a strained, a wrong view of Lord Kingswood's wishes, and—and my own."

She faltered out the last word, and it was almost inaudible. It mattered little. Lady Maud did not appear to heed it if she heard it.

She sank upon the couch as Lady Kingswood—like one in a dream—quitted the apartment; and murmured, as her tears fell thick and fast, "Erle, Erle, thine, thine alone, or Death's."

CHAPTER LXII.

One of Lady Kingswood's most anxious wishes had been, since she had been at Kingswood Hall, to obtain a secret interview with Pharisee.

She was anxious to know what had transpired since that night on which she had quitted the picture-gallery in Kingswood House, when the sudden appearance of Lady Maud in a state of somnambulism saved her from committing a dreadful breach of that duty on which she had recently enlarged with such ardor to Lady Maud.

She knew not how the Marquis of Chillingham had made his escape any more than she knew how he had obtained admission. As Pharisee had no doubt introduced him, to no doubt he had conducted him safely away again, as she had heard nothing about it, and she had seen the Marquis of Chillingham perfectly unchanged in demeanor and appearance at Brighton.

She was indignant that Pharisee should have undertaken so rash and hazardous a step as to plan and to accomplish a secret midnight interview between her and the Marquis. She had entrusted a note to Pharisee to convey to him, but that very note contained a statement to the effect that she could not grant him the interview which he had asked, and she had promised should be given. It had requested a communication of importance relative to Erle, but there was nothing in its contents to urge him to the step he had taken.

She had, therefore, an impression that Pharisee, in an excess of zeal for her, had contrived and executed a project which had been fraught with so much misery to her, and might have been her utter destruction.

Under any circumstances, she believed Pharisee to have been an active party in carrying it out, and as such, entitled to her just anger—but then she was in his power!

She had not seen him since, and had yet to learn what had happened—what was brewing.

She hated the sallow face and oily sleekness of the man she was about to encounter. She disliked his cringing professions, his blandness, and his yet more repulsive expressions of devotion to her. She had felt this aversion to him from the first, now she feared him even more than she disliked him and much as she wished to be made acquainted with the events which had occurred since she had quitted Kingswood House, and for what future she had to prepare herself, she dreaded to meet the very creature with whom she had been scheming and plotting to obtain an interview without having seemed to contrive it.

She had an instinctive dread of the message from Lord Kingswood. Why had he not written? why should this man have been chosen to be the bearer of this message, unless he had himself devised it? There was something in the arrangement which Lady Kingswood felt to be derogatory to herself, and a kind of premeditated insult on the part of Lord Kingswood; what, therefore, could be the nature of a message thus forwarded to her?

Even superior to this dread was the recoiling repugnance she felt at being again face to face with the man in whose power she had placed herself. She could better have borne to have encountered the Marquis of Chillingham, for, at least he was a man of education and position, and in the event of his attempting to trample down the barriers of respect, his sense of honor might be appealed to with some chance of success. But this man—Lady Kingswood turned pale, and trembled at the prospect of being forced into such a position with him.

Our instincts are seldom at fault. Lady Kingswood had as yet only reason to believe Pharisee faithful, devoted, and humble; painfully willing to render her service, and too meek and submissive to presume upon what he might have performed; but nevertheless, she feared that, in the ensuing meeting, she should find that the skin of a worm had but concealed the scales of a serpent.

She therefore called up a sense of the dignity of her elevated position, and assumed a haughtiness of demeanor which had frequently kept at a distance individuals of a station far higher than the man to whom she was about to grant an audience. She had access to the chamber in which Pharisee awaited her by a communication different to that which had admitted him, and she entered the room in which he was seated with the carriage of an Empress.

She slightly and coldly inclined her head as he rose up and bowed to her, and seating herself, she left him standing.

A glance told her that there was a great change in the man's exterior. He was dressed in black as usual, but there was a style in the set and fashion of his clothes which were very different to those befitting one holding his position. Then his straight black hair appeared to have been trimmed and curled, and his whiskers to have been dressed to a spruceness which was startling. His face remained, however, still the shape of a narrow paper kite, and as sallow as saffron, his bushy eyebrows stretching across the upper part nearly the whole width, and serving as pent roofs over eyes which moved slowly at times beneath them watchfully and warily, now dull and without speculation, and anon quickly, brightly and vividly.

"Your business with me, Pharisee?" said Lady Kingswood, coldly, as the valet stood motionless and silent.

He looked at her pale, frigid countenance, and his teeth slightly grated. "It is of importance to your ladyship," he replied.

Her lip curled. "You bring, I am informed by Muddlemist, a communication from Lord Kingswood to me. I had formed an intention, after what has passed, of declining to see or to receive either communications or messages from his lordship. On reconsidering this determination, I will hear what you have to say."

"Mrs. Muddlemist correctly delivered to your ladyship the message I forwarded by her," returned Pharisee, in a smooth tone.—"It was a precaution of importance to be observed, your ladyship, to state to the servants that I have been honored with the commands of Lord Kingswood to convey to your ladyship a communication from him. It would, indeed have been thoughtless and indiscreet on my part to have directed Mrs. Muddlemist to say that I wished to see your lady ship on your business and my own."

Lady Kingswood knew not how to reply. She felt the audacity of the observation, but she had made him a confidant, and she could not object to his observation. She did not she remained silent.

"I am therefore, your ladyship, here upon very grave and serious business, connected ultimately with your ladyship, and—and your most humble and devoted slave."

Still Lady Kingswood remained silent.—She could not articulate a word, although she tried for a moment to speak, intending to decline to hear anything further from him since he had no message from Lord Kingswood to deliver. Pharisee therefore proceeded—"Your ladyship will remember that you urged upon me the task of discovering the whole of the mystery connected with Mr Erle Gower and the relationship in which he stands to Lord Kingswood."

Lady Kingswood waved her hand as if to prevent his saying more; but with eyes fixed upon the carpet, he apparently did not observe her gesture; at all events, he did not heed it.

"I have made the greatest exertions to comply with your ladyship's commands," he said, with quiet but deliberate emphasis.—"At the risk of rousing the suspicions of Lord Kingswood, of incurring his displeasure—indeed, Lady Kingswood, at the hazard of my own existence—I found a clue to certain individuals who were in possession of all the facts, and I have tracked them, dogged them, watched them, secreted myself where I could overhear their mutual statements and admissions, all bearing on the one subject, and all directed to the one same terrible conclusion."

Lady Kingswood passed her hand across her eyes, and then, with an effort, said—"I have myself reached a conclusion upon this horrible affair. I do not desire to hear the sickening details. I have partly determined upon my course, and, therefore, Pharisee, I request you for the present to be silent on this iniquitous and degrading story."

"Pardon me, my lady," he returned, rather hastily. "I am afraid that your conclusion falls very far short of the truth. The facts are, unfortunately, more frightful than your ladyship can possibly have contemplated."

"What facts can be more frightful than that the boy introduced mysteriously beneath this roof is a son of my Lord Kingswood?" responded Lady Kingswood, bitterly.

Pharisee shrugged his shoulders. "If it were only that, my lady, the difficulty now existing might be soon got over," he exclaimed. "Lord Kingswood has had his frailties—of that your ladyship has a living proof, and his lordship would scarcely, knowing that, dare to challenge the strict platonism of your ladyship's friendship with the Marquis of Chillingham."

Lady Kingswood's eyes flashed fire. "How dare you insinuate?" she cried, angrily.

He stopped her. "Pray pardon me, Lady Kingswood, I do not insinuate," he cried, deprecatingly. "I do not desire, much less attempt to do so. I know Lord Kingswood to be proud, haughty, impetuous, and jealous of that honor he has but so ill preserved. I merely suggest that his right to exercise a control over your ladyship's actions would be destroyed by his own infidelity to your ladyship. I am only saying if your ladyship's conclusion was the sum of the wrong done to you, it might be surmounted. Not, of course, without considerable pain and vexation to your ladyship, but sufficiently to keep the world from becoming acquainted with the unpleasant events which have transpired. But unhappily, your ladyship, that conclusion is not all."

"Not all?" echoed Lady Kingswood, with an alarmed expression stealing over her features.

She did not like the peculiar gravity of Pharisee's words, nor the ambiguity with which he prefaced a communication which seemed to promise to be more fearful than any she had heard respecting Lord Kingswood's conduct to her.

"It is, my lady, I am grieved to say, not all: indeed, it is very far from being all that your ladyship will have to hear," he replied.

She groaned. "Keep me not in suspense, Pharisee," she gasped. "You cannot fathom the nature of my feelings. I cannot bear protracted details, give me the heads—the sum of all you have to say at once."

"I regret, my lady, that in this I cannot comply with your ladyship's commands," he rejoined, with a humble bend. "Your ladyship will recollect how you impressed upon me to search for the truth, to discard mere surmises and presumptions, and to arm you with facts. I am about to do this, but I must, if your ladyship wishes to know all, proceed after my own manner."

Lady Kingswood wrung her hands. "I know too much already," she murmured, bitterly. "However, Pharisee, proceed. If I am to hear worse than I already know, it matters little in what form or order it comes."

Pharisee gazed admiringly upon her handsome face, but adhering to his cringing attitude and his fawning tone of voice, he said—"Your ladyship is aware that there are not only strange traditions clinging to the House of Kingswood, but that there are strange, incomprehensible circumstances occurring within and in the vicinity of this ancient Hall."

"I am aware of that," remarked Lady Kingswood.

"The sights and the noises seen and heard within the old part of this antique Hall may be taken, Lady Kingswood, for what they are worth," continued Pharisee, "inasmuch, that their value depends upon the reliability of the individuals making the statements. But I believe that no doubt does exist in the mind of any person residing within this Hall, or within its neighborhood for miles, that there actually is a living WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHACE."

"A living wonder?" gasped Lady Kingswood. And then she remembered that Erle and Maud had both spoken of a young and beautiful girl they had met in the Chace, that she had then an uneasy impression that Cyril, acquainted with the existence and the residence of this sylvan beauty, had formed a wild, romantic attachment to her, which was the clue of his changed appearance and altered manner, and that Erle had stated that this young, lovely forest-maiden had been named by one of their gamekeepers *The Wonder of Kingswood Chace*."

She was versed in the traditions of the House, and at the time Erle made this communication to her it had deeply affected her; now Pharisee's mention of her in advance of the revelation he was about to make almost froze the blood in her veins.

"What—what of her?" she subjoined, in a hoarse voice.

Pharisee bent his eyes slowly but steadfastly upon Lady Kingswood, and emphasising each word, said,

"This young lady is in the face the counterpart of the weird Lady Maud. I have seen her, Lady Kingswood. So, indeed, has your ladyship."

A thrill of terror went through Lady Kingswood's frame. "The weird Lady Maud?" she ejaculated. "I—I have seen her? Where?"

"In the carriage-ride in Hyde-park, my lady, on horseback, side by side with Mr. Erle Gower, and also, I believe, at the Marquis of Chillingham's—"

"I remember her well—yes—yes, pale, fair, *spiritualle*—and, oh, Heaven! in truth, fearfully like unto the statue of Lady Maud in the old library," cried Lady Kingswood, panting under her emotion.

"The same," rejoined Pharisee. "The weird Lady Maud was a Kingswood, my lady, and it will naturally suggest itself that none but a Kingswood would so closely resemble one of the most noted of the ancestry."

Lady Kingswood buried her face in her hands, and a passionate burst of tears forced their way through her eyelids and trickled beneath her white fingers.

But she almost instantaneously flung back her face, and with the water yet gleaming in her eyes, she said, "You mean, in fact, to tell me that Erle and this girl are brother and sister?"

"It is even so, my lady," he replied, in an insinuating tone; "but I do not see how such a fact would alone materially add to the injury inflicted upon you by Lord Kingswood; but when that comes into combination with another fact, the injury then becomes irreparable."

"With another fact," half-shrieked Lady Kingswood, rising up. "Man, you torture, madden me by this slow, piecemeal recital. I cannot endure it; give me at once the whole dreadful secret you are about to reveal."

She towered before him, and with clenched hands and outstretched arms, startled him. He shrank back a pace or two, and said, rather hurriedly, "In brief, then, my lady, that boy is the heir of Kingswood; the girl, my lord's legitimate daughter. You are, in fact, not Lady Kingswood; and your son, Mr. Cyril, is entitled to bear only your maiden name."

Lady Kingswood gazed upon him like one who had been smitten by a stroke of paralysis. She clutched at a table for support, and then staggering back, sank insensible upon a couch.

Pharisee moved towards her, after casting a furtive glance round the apartment; he did not summon assistance, for having expected some such scene, he had provided himself with a bottle of smelling-salts.

He applied it to Lady Kingswood's nostrils, and in silence watched her recovery. She awoke like one from out of a frightful dream, but the long, sallow face of Pharisee caught her eyes, and a half-smothered shriek burst from her lips, and again she hid her face in her hands.

"Lady Kingswood," he said, in a low tone, "you remember what I have communicated to you?"

An agonized groan burst from her lips. "It cannot be true!" she exclaimed, in a tone of intense anguish.

"It is true!" he returned, with emphasis. "It is true, Lady Kingswood! I know where the marriage between Lord Kingswood and the mother of the children was solemnized. I know the name and the residence of the clergyman by whom it was performed. I have seen the certificate duly signed and witnessed of the marriage, and I can establish beyond dispute that it took place before you went through the farce of a wedding with Lord Kingswood. Let me now ask you, Lady Kingswood, what course, after this, you intend to pursue?"

The strange, almost insolent tone in which he put this question roused Lady Kingswood out of her passionate grief. She turned her flashing though humid eyes upon him, as if to demand of him how he durst put such a question to her.

He saw the look, and interpreted it correctly. "Lady Kingswood," he said, as she remained indignantly silent, "let me answer that question for you. Kingswood Hall is no longer a home for you. You cannot remain beneath this roof if even you had the meanness of spirit to wish it, which I am sure you have not. You must therefore depart hence—but where? Again I say let me answer that question. Your ladyship bade me name my own reward for the services I have rendered you, and to *claim it when due*. It is due now, and I claim it. It is yourself, Lady Kingswood! I have long loved you passionately—"

She laid her hand upon the bell, and rang it frantically.

Pharisee's face became an olive color. "Beware, Lady Kingswood," he cried, in a guttural voice, "of my revenge!"

The door opened, and a man-servant appeared.

Lady Kingswood extended her hand to him in a commanding tone, and cried,

"Stand you there to guard the door, but, with your voice, summon half a-dozen of your fellows here."

The man, with an air of astonishment, did as he was ordered.

Pharisee, with a face of a whitish-green hue, showed his teeth as a hound would its fangs. "Lady Kingswood, I bid you beware!" he cried.

"Silence, wretch!" she screamed rather than spoke, and addressing the servant, she said, in tones quivering with excitement, "if he dares attempt to utter a word, strike him to the ground."

The servant advanced instantly with a menacing manner, and as he did so, three or four other servants appeared.

Lady Kingswood, erect and immoveable as a statue, save that she pointed to Pharisee, said, in a voice she endeavored to make calm, to the men who pressed in,

"Seize that fellow who has dared to fasten upon me an insult. Lash him through the park, and fling him thence through the gateway into the road beyond!"

In an instant Pharisee, to whom all these men had been so civil previously, seized him in their arms, and with sticks and riding-whips, chased him through the park, leaving him almost senseless and livid from neck to heels, groaning and fainting on the pathway.

When the noise of the men hurrying Pharisee out, had ceased, Lady Kingswood, paler than a spectre, tottered to her bed-chamber and locked herself in.

As her hand left the key, there was a sound within of one who had fallen lifeless upon the floor.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NOTICE TO VOLUNTEER NURSES BY MISS DIX.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 6, 1861.—Persons devoting their strength and experience on *free service* as nurses in the military hospitals, for care of the sick and wounded, are very respectfully requested not to render themselves immediately at head-quarters, Washington city, but to send forward collectively, from towns and cities, their names, ages, whether below or above thirty years, and places of residence, and at the same time indicate the period for which they determine to devote themselves to this entirely self-sacrificing, laborious service. It is also earnestly requested that all who purpose taking up these arduous duties, and who are not now fully qualified, should take practical instruction in nursing, and report themselves through the physicians and surgeons of their town or city. These suggestions are tendered to spare confusion and expensive journeys.

At present there is general health in the army; but should epidemics arise, or serious conflicts ensue, it will be needful to summon voluntary *free service nurses, at an hour's notice*. Such will please, therefore, to hold themselves ready for active duty.

Your counsellor, by courtesy, on Christian service,

D. L. DIX.

The services of Miss Dix have been officially accepted by the War Department, and "she is fully authorized to receive, contract and disburse special supplies bestowed by individuals or associations for the comfort of their friends or the citizen soldiers from all parts of the United States."

It is further suggested that the ladies exert themselves to their fullest extent, in preparing or supplying hospital shirts for the sick; also, articles of diet which, if necessary, can be preserved, as delicacies may be needed for individual cases.

Woollen body garments and woollen socks are in immediate request for the soldiers.

Miss Dix's residence is 505 Twelfth street, between E. and F., Washington, D. C.

ARRIVAL OF MRS. LINCOLN AND MAJOR ANDERSON.—Mrs. Lincoln, Colonel Anderson, and others, arrived in this city on Friday night, of last week. They were received with great enthusiasm. Col. Anderson had a public reception on Saturday at Independence Hall. His passage through the streets with a military escort was a perfect popular ovation. Anderson looks like his portraits—though a little older. He is a modest, retiring gentleman, whose forte is action rather than speech-making. Though what he says is well said. Mrs. Lincoln is quite a good-looking lady. She left for New York on Saturday.

A SINGULAR OPERATION IN CHINA.

A juggler was on one occasion exhibiting before a crowd, and performed a needle-trick as follows:—He first pretended to swallow twenty needles singly, and then a piece of string, to which they were to be threaded, and afterwards drawn out by a hooked wire. On passing down the hook this time, however, the needles had slipped too low, and both hook and needles became fixed in his throat. After several attempts, he extricated eight or ten of the needles, and was then brought to the hospital. On passing the finger into the throat the needles were distinctly felt, and the hook found to be firmly fixed at the back of the pharynx. It was finally detached, and drawn out; and with some difficulty four more of the needles, with a portion of the string, were removed. The rest of the needles could not by any possibility be reached, either by the finger or by forceps, and the worst feature of the case was that the needles, which were all attached to the string, pierced the œsophagus in different directions. The patient suffered much from dyspnœa, with great agony, from a sense of suffocation in the throat; an emetic was given, in the hope that some of the needles might be loosened by the vomiting, but only one came away. A probang was passed during the evening without difficulty, but without benefit; leeches were applied, with considerable relief for a time, and hot fomentations to the neck, but great tumefaction, both external and internal, took place, and finally the man died five days after the accident. He was a poor, feeble fellow, the victim of opium-smoking and other vicious habits. The state of his health, along with the great uncertainty of any beneficial result, precluded the idea of performing any operation.—*The Medical Missionary in China.*

☞ How to meet a Bankrupt.—Take no note of him.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1861.

REMITTANCES.

For the information of our friends, we may state that bills on all solvent banks in the United States and Canada are taken at par on subscription to THE POST, but we *prefer* Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Delaware or New England money. Gold (well secured in the letter) and postage stamps are always acceptable. For all amounts over $5 we prefer drafts on any of the Eastern cities (less exchange) *payable to our order*.

If our friends throughout the country will comply with these suggestions so far as convenient, the favor will be appreciated.

NOTICE.

In such unsettled times as these, it will scarcely be possible for the proprietors of THE POST to extend as much forbearance as heretofore to subscribers in arrears. In all such cases, if the money is not speedily remitted in answer to our bills, we shall be compelled to stop the paper.

A NEW NOVELET.

BY MRS. WOOD.

In our next issue we design commencing a new Novelet, written expressly for THE POST, by Mrs. Wood, author of "The Earl's Daughters," "Pommeroy Abbey," "Danesbury House," "The Red Court Farm," &c. It is called

THE MYSTERY;

or,

The Recollections of Anne Hereford;

and is, we think, on the whole, the best story we have yet had from its talented author.

The beginning of this new Novelet will be an excellent time to commence taking THE POST, and *we hope our readers will suggest the matter to their friends.*

While the stories of THE POST are unsurpassed, we give a large amount of other matter, of an interesting and instructive character.

During the present national difficulties, we also design giving every week a Full Summary of the News, together with such Military selections as may be expected to interest our readers.

COST OF MILK.

A city contemporary gives an estimate, showing how large a profit is made by the sellers of milk. It says:—

An ordinary dairy cow is computed by dairymen to yield twelve quarts of milk per day, for the year. This milk sells in market for six cents per quart, which gives as the proceeds from one cow in one year the sum of $252,80. Good milch cows can be purchased for from $30 to $40 each, but taking them at the highest price, we have these figures:

First cost of animal	$40,00
Interest on $40	2,80
Tare	10,00
Provisioning one cow per year	25,00
Labor in milking, etc.	30,00
Total,	$107,80

leaving a profit of $153 to each cow, or one hundred and fifty per cent. between the producer and consumer. Startling as these facts are, they are, nevertheless, true. Crowded as the large cities are with those who are unemployed, the show of profits in the two items of flour and milk, should induce them to look to the country, and there resolutely cultivate the soil.

"Startling facts, indeed, if true. But we have tried raising milk for ourselves, and we know that we cannot feed a cow, as she ought

to be fed, for one year on $35. But, even granting that a farmer can, though $37 would be probably nearer the mark, the yield of milk is greatly over-estimated. An average cow would scarcely average more than *six* quarts of milk for a whole year. At six cents a quart, this would be $131.40, leaving a profit, as we calculate it, of $73 for the healthy cows of the herd. Then there is the labor or cost of serving the milk, which, if not incurred, the milk must be sold in the quantity at a lower price than six cents. Three cents, indeed, is the usual wholesale price at Chester, Burlington, and other towns around Philadelphia—the server of the milk positively gettin; as much of the price paid by the consumer, as the farmer does; even more when he waters it. But how a farmer can raise and sell milk for three cents a quart, passes our comprehension. The middle-men must make all the money. Even when the farmer retails the milk himself, and gets six cents, we have no doubt that it requires good and careful management to make money at the business.

COUNTRY HOMES.

A late ride into the country suggested the rich privileges of homes that are set down amid the quiet glory of the fields and woods. What exhaustless stores of beauty are in the changing face of the Heavens—what endless delight in the free winds, whether wild or gentle, whether they smite or kiss your cheek. And the beautiful earth, infinite in its diversity, supplying what the spirit of man incessantly craves—variety, change, in a word, life, and fashioned with a fulness of perfection that mortal perception can never wholly grasp—what privilege can exceed that of living and working day after day, hand in hand with nature, the satiety of advancing age perpetually charmed away by the ministry of that which never grows old? The freedom of cities was in old times conferred as a kingly boon; the freedom of earth and sky—that is God's gift, and he who feels it has the light elastic tread and princely dignity of carriage worthy the gift and the Giver.

But the farmer's toil for daily bread, does it not dim the eye and bow the form and cloud the spirit, thus neutralizing every privilege? We will face that objection with the answer—not in a land of liberty and equal rights. In a free land the necessity of tilling the earth in the sweat of your brow carries no curse with it. Say that the farmer is poor, that he must work from dawn till dark so unremittingly that he can but stretch his wearied limbs in dreamless slumber from dark till dawn. After six days of toil comes the day of rest—the Sabbath appointed by Him who knew what was in man. Labor is laid aside, the house is swept and garnished, and so is the mind; body and soul relax from the tension of necessity. Rest! It is the Sabbath of the Lord your God. Look up and feel His protecting, embracing, infinite love in the blue dome of light and air; look abroad upon His power and His goodness in the marvellous beauty of the earth; and with your pleasure in each perfect work take freely into your heart the gladdening thought—"My Father made them all!" Let its sweetness sink deep. That glow of pride and holy love is no illusion; the Promises are sure—"If children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ." You enter the house of prayer, remembering that He has said, "Where two or three are gathered together in My name there will I be in the midst of them." The rustle of leaves and the song of birds rippling in from the outer air upon the hush of worship, fall upon the car less like sounds than stillness made audible, leaving the sense of quiet more complete and balmy. The busy feet are still, the busy hands are folded, the busy thoughts, engrossed without cessation through the week by cares for the wants of the body, soar aloft with winged freedom;—the child of earth sleeps, the heir of heaven rejoices.

Labor and rest thus alternated preserve a healthful balance. But the farmer has this immeasurable advantage over the artisan in cities, that his field of labor, the great workshop of Nature, is of royal dimensions; and in all its appointments, its draperies and pictures, its music and perfumes, of royal magnificence. He rises in summer at the break of day, while yet the birds are but twittering half awake, and chirping their preparatory notes to the full gushing matinee that hails the rising sun. He is guiding his plough, it is true, with diligent heed, but that need not prevent his taking in at every pore the glory of the morning—the resplendent eastern sky, the blossoming orchards or clover fields freighting the air with sweeter odors than the richest garden of exotics, the smooth, green carpet of the close-cropped meadow, where the lazy, comfortable cattle feed, contrasting with the brown ridges of freshly turned up earth; the timid, harmless creatures of the woods darting swiftly across his path, or pausing to glance up into the face that is as much at home out of doors as they are—to all these pleasant sights and sounds his senses may be open while his work goes on with steady progress. And even the hardship of harvesting under the burning sun of midsummer has its abatements and compensations. Ladies from the city, sitting on a shady piazza, dressed in white, languidly fanning themselves, and feeling *that* too much exertion, look on with wonder and pity while the lusty sweep of the harvester's arm mows down the ranks of bearded grain. It overpowers them even to think how weary he must be. They could not be expected to believe it without a degree of experience, but the fact is that they themselves are far more oppressed by the heat than the hardy worker. His brow is bathed in moisture, and every breath of air brings him a delicious coolness which they are seeking for in vain.

We know some dwellers in country homes who are fully aware of their privileges, living ever with eyes and ears open to enjoy; many others who find country life dull and common-place, and who need to have their eyes anointed with the Golden Water of the fairy story before they can get the good of blessings that cluster all about their daily paths.

THE ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Thirty-Eight Exhibitions of the Academy of Fine Arts, now open at the Hall in Chestnut above Tenth, is, perhaps, not so rich in pictures of unequivocal excellence as some of the annual displays of art have been, but contains many pictures to attract, and some to charm us. The well-known favorites of the public are generally well represented, and there are some new names, and some which are growing into position and celebrity with every year.

The admirers of Rothermel will have pleasure in finding several new pictures by the painter of thews and sinews. His "Napoleon witnessing the burning of the Kremlin at Moscow," is unusually subdued and untheatrical in style. The figure of the baffled conqueror—the white set face, and the hand that clutches at his breast—are excellently imagined and portrayed. We looked with some curiosity for Rothermel's "Coriolanus," which has been an object of praise to some of his admirers, but found the hero, stretching forth his manly left leg like the Knave of Clubs, not at all to our taste, and the broad-faced lachrymose female who clings to his arm is certainly not a Shaksspearian Virgilia.

Our Turnerian painter, Hamilton, contributes several new pictures. That of "Ruins in Egypt," is one of his characteristic sunset views, with intense glow in the sky, red light streaming along the waste of sand, and red and green reflections upon the ruins, which are doubtless very fine, but somewhat puzzling as to their source and meaning. A moonlight scene, by the same artist, representing the hour when

"Jessica stole from the wealthy Jew,
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice,"

is a fine picture, when viewed from sufficient distance for us to lose the glare of the reds and greens with which the painter, in disregard of natural harmony, has chosen to brighten up the bluish tints of moonlight coloring. The moonlight garden scene, exhibited last year, under the same title of "On such a night as this," is to be found this year in the North Gallery. It has more poetical beauty than the Venitian scene, but is marred in our apprehension by the same violent contrasts of color. Let any one test scarlet, blue, and green by moonlight, and see if the softened and sobered tints bear any semblance to this vivid coloring. Yet it is as a colorist that Mr. Hamilton has achieved his popularity, and even erected himself into the type of a school. A gentleman of high artistic culture defended, in our hearing, some of his most violent contrasts, not on the ground of their faithful adherence to nature—by no means; that point was given up—but because they were artistically needed to relieve and set off the prevailing tint of the picture.

Still, we very much doubt whether any painter, be he Hamilton, Turner himself, or whoever else, can safely improve upon Nature. If drapery or accessories are introduced to relieve the tint, it is well done; but when we are shown a sky of such vivid depth of blue as is never seen accompanied by such brightness as flames along the horizon, our sense of the sacred reverence due to Nature's harmonies is shocked, and revolts against the painter and his work.

The converse of this daringly unnatural style is seen in the paintings of Paul Weber, which delight every one, from the artist to the child, and this not by any superficiality of composition or execution, but by the exquisite harmony of all their details, which renders them a faithful exponent of nature, but of nature as revealed to us through a thoughtful and poetic mind; perfect in itself, and of deeper beauty as the expression of an inward truth.

His "Castle of Heidelberg" is very beautiful, and the "Forest of Fontainebleu" is so perfect in the beauty and delicacy of its detail, that long study can scarcely exhaust it.

We were much impressed by a fine picture by Haseltine, called "Ruins of an Aqueduct on the Campagna." We have an idea that this is not its first exhibition, but if so, we have not hitherto had an opportunity of observing it attentively. It is remarkable as an expression of the essential idea of Modern Italy, not, as now, raising her reviving head in the hope of a new and better life, but Italy the mother of dead nations, crouching in motionless, despairing apathy beside the graves of her past glory. The sunset light that irradiates the picture has in it no rosy glow of hope and life; it is a dull, lurid glare, resting on the shattered pieces of the broken aqueduct "like dying fire on defiled altars," and reflected from the stagnant pools in the foreground, from whose waters rise the death-dealing mists of the fatal Campagna. It is an impressive picture, finely conceived, and as finely executed.

In naming a few of the pictures which attracted our attention on our first visit, we must not omit an exquisite little "Study from Nature," by W. T. Richards. The eye revels in the wealth of vegetation in the foreground, the transparent little eye of water "set jewel-like, and cased as richly," and is allured to follow the green vista that leads through the wood to realms of summer delight. It is a little gem.

It is but a cursory view that can be taken of the Exhibition in one's first visit. It is pleasant and good to sometimes leave the feverish turmoil that agitates the life of our city, and step within the quiet, peaceful coolness of those still halls, and for one hour forget, if we can, the whirl of the out - world in the calm beauty of the world of Art.

MRS. SHEAD writes, that though a native of the South, she is not a secessionist, and that the "heroic conduct" attributed to her, is utterly untrue; that she came to the North on account of the health of her children, &c.

ABOUT forty West Point cadets, of the senoir class, on their way to Washington, were recently arrested in this city by advice of a te egram from New York. It was an amusing but awkward blunder.

RIFLES AND SHOOTING.

The great essentials of modern infantry tactics are quick and steady movements, combined with rapid and accurate rifle shooting. A complete revolution has been effected in the army exercises in Europe within ten years, and few of our citizen soldiery seem to be aware of the fact. Every soldier and citizen should now make himself acquainted with field exercises, by shooting at targets at various distances, from 200 up to 1,200 yards, while performing rapid evolutions. All our citizen soldiers require considerable severe drilling in the field, so as to become quick and accurate marksmen. Some general and plain instructions on this topic will be useful to all.

The first thing necessary for a soldier is a trusty rifle. It should be easily and conveniently charged, and its fire should be certain and effective. It should be capable of destroying an enemy at the distance of 1,200 yards with its bullet, and it should be effective in hand-to-hand combat with a sword or bayonet attached to it. A soldier should, therefore, know what his rifle can do, and what he can do with it, at certain distances. If he is ignorant of these, let him be taught before sending him to fight.

The accompanying figure represents a light infantry soldier firing point blank. The trajectory of the projectile or bullet is shown, together with the several forms of bullets used in European armies; also the American picket bullet and army cartridge.

[NOTE BY EDITOR OF POST.—The attitude is not the usual one given in either the Scott or the Hardee drill books, which is nearly an erect one. We judge it to be the attitude of a skirmisher, who has run forward to deliver a hasty shot.]

THE BULLETS AND BORES.

Bullet No. 1 is that of the British Enfield rifle. Its form is defective. The front is too blunt, and the cylinder too long without a groove. No. 2 is the American picket bullet, without a chamber to adapt it for quick loading. When solid it carries more accurately. No. 3 is the French Delvigne bullet—it is good. The friction is but limited, as it comes only upon the two rings, and the grooves is wound with a greased cord. This lubricates the missile, and tends to keep the bore clean. Nos. 4 and 5 are views of the famous Swiss bullets, with sections of their rifles. Their accuracy is remarkable. At 800 yards distance they strike targets of four by six feet 66 times out of 100 shots. No. 6 is the most highly approved French bullet, with a section of its hollow chamber, which is a three-sided pyramid. This bullet was adopted after a great many experiments as being the best. No. 7 is a double-ringed bullet with a chamber; it is good for rapid loading. No. 8 is the American cartridge, with a conical ball having three grooves. Formerly, the United States cartridges contained a ball and three buck shot.

The hollow chamber in a bullet is to admit of rapid loading. The powder expands the lead, fills the bore, and prevents windage, therefore they are not required to fit so snugly at the muzzle. A heavy bullet has the greatest range. By making it long-cylindrical in form, greater weight is secured, but such bullets must have rings or grooves in proportion to the length of the cylinder, so as to lessen the friction.

PRINCIPLES OF SHOOTING.

The general principles of firing, applicable to all rifles and fire-arms, are deduced from the positions of three lines relatively to one another, namely, line of fire, line of sight, and the trajectory. The line of fire is the axis of the barrel prolonged indefinitely; it is the line along which the centre of the ball is directed. The line of sight passes through the bottom of the notch in the rear sight of the rifle and the upper edge of the front sight. To *aim* is to direct the line of sight upon an object, as shown in the figure. To do this correctly, the rear and front sights of the rifle and the point or object aimed at must be in the same straight line. If the rifle has been properly tested, if it is accurate in projecting its missile, a man with a clear eye, a steady hand, and a cool head, will soon make a good marksman by carefully sighting his object, if he loads his rifle carefully.

The trajectory is a curved line described in the atmosphere by the centre of the bullet in its flight. The trajectory and the line of fire becomes more separated as the distance of flight increases. The line of fire is above the trajectory. The bullet, during its flight, is subjected to the action of three forces, viz.: the impulse of the powder, the resistance of the air, and the action of gravity. The air tends to divert it from its right line of flight, and shortens its range; gravity gradually brings it to the ground. The more flat the trajectory line, the more dangerous is the shooting. In order, therefore, to obtain accuracy of fire, it is necessary that the soldier should be able to judge of his distance from the object to be struck, so that the bullet may

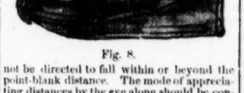


Fig. 8.

not be directed to fall within or beyond the point-blank distance. The mode of appreciating distances by the eye alone should be constantly practised, and there is no other proper way of doing this than by firing at a target, first at measured distances, then at targets where the distances are not measured. There are instruments for measuring distances by inspection, such as the "tige" and "stadia," but soldiers have no time to use them in an engagement. They may be sometimes very useful in skirmishing, and each officer should carry one; but the great effort of the soldier should be the cultivation of the sight and judgment for rapid firing with the fewest and most simple devices.

AMERICAN ARMY RIFLES.

The rifle muskets in our regular army have their grooves with a twist of one turn in six feet, and decreasing in depth from breech to muzzle. This makes the cartridge a little stiff to leave the muzzle, but its shooting is more accurate on this account. The ball has three grooves around the cylindrical part and no wedge or capsule is used inside. The weight of the ball is 730 grains, the charge of powder is 70 grains. The barrel of the rifle musket is 40 inches long, and entire, with bayonet, 73.85 inches. The army rifle (not the rifled musket) is 33 inches long; with bayonet the weapon is 71.8 inches long. The total weight of the rifle-musket is 9.90 pounds; that of the rifle, with a bayonet, 12.98 pounds. The United States rifles are fired without patches. The rifles and rifle-muskets of our army compare favorably with those of the Europeans. They are like those of England; the latter were adopted from American models. No target practice in our army has, however, been ever reported to equal that of the Swiss, English, Austrian or French soldiers.

BREECH-LOADING RIFLES.

A Board met at West Point, four years ago, to test breech-loading rifles. They experimented with quite a number, subjecting them to target firing. A Sharpe's rifle was fired 18 times in 50 seconds; but Colonel Burnside's was considered the best. A second Board met in 1858, and again decided in favor of Burnside's, but did not recommend it. Colt's revolving rifle is like his pistol in the principle of its construction. It has seven grooves of uniform depth and increasing twist. There are very few breech-loading rifles in the army; they are not so accurate as those which load at the muzzle, and they are more complex in construction.

SCHOOLS FOR RIFLE PRACTICE.

Shooting schools have been established in all the European armies, and at West Point the cadets are regularly instructed in firing at the target, but only at short distances. In England the shooting school is at Hythe. The term in it occupies two and a half months. Detachments of the regiments succeed each other there during the entire year. In France the term of practice occupies four months.—Practical instruction is given to the soldiers in estimating distances by the eye, and in rapid accurate firing. Such establishments should be commenced at once.

INACCURATE FIRING.

It has been said that "the battles of the American Revolution were gained by the rifle." The British soldiers were not then instructed to shoot at a mark; but those days are all past forever. At the battle of Vittoria, in Spain, 800 balls were fired for every man that was killed. At the battle of Chebrusco, in Mexico, 125 American balls were fired for every Mexican that was killed; this was better firing than that of the enemy, who fired 800 balls for every man killed on our side. In England a party of 30 skirmishers can destroy a battery of light artillery, at 800 yards distance, in one minute. Still we read that even at Solferino, since the recent great improvement in firearms, the Austrians fired 8,000,000 rounds, while the loss of the French and Italians was 2,000 killed and 10,000 wounded. Each man hit cost 700 rounds, and every man killed cost 4,000 rounds. The mean weight of a ball is one ounce; thus we find that it required, on an average, 272 pounds of lead to kill a man.

NEW MILITARY TACTICS.

In the olden times, the solid columns and the desperate charge generally won the battle; but light, active troops, spread over an extended field with good rifles, would soon slaughter the best drilled columns in the world, armed with smooth-bored muskets, and handled in the old-fashioned pasteboard style. Modern tactics require a more extended field for manœuvring, hence greater care is necessary in handling the soldiers, and more intelligence on the part of the soldier is necessary for taking up proper positions, to save themselves and harass the enemy to the greatest advantage. Formerly, the position of an army could be approached within 300 yards, without experiencing injury from infantry fire. With the modern rifles they could not approach nearer than 1,000 yards. Cavalry must now keep at a respectable distance until they can dash in under cover of the smoke, or be preceded by riflemen and artillery.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

WHO WAS SHE?—OLD SPANISH THEATRICALS.

Mr. Editor of the Post:—

Friedrich Bulau has just published a very interesting and amusing book, somewhat akin to the subject of my last week's remarks, entitled "Enigmatic Personages, mysterious histories, events little understood," in which, with an erudition and perseverance of research worthy of his nationality, this son of dreamy Germany gives an account of a vast number of inexplicable things, apparently testified to by hosts of witnesses. He gives us the strange history of the Chevalier d'Eon, who passed for a woman during the last years of his life; of Cagliostro, the Count of St. Germain, the Count of Bouneval, who, like the Danube, began life a Christian, and ended it as a Turk; with an immense number of curious and amusing anecdotes and scenes, forming three volumes such as one does not meet with every day in the year. The work opens with an account of the mysterious inhabitants of the old Castle of Eisenhausen, near Cologne, where a veiled lady dwelt for forty years, carefully secluded from the world, kept from the approach of all strangers, and guarded by an irritable warden who appeared never to quit her. The lady was said, by those who had chanced to see her features, to possess the physiognomy of the Bourbons, and was believed to be some princess of that family, condemned, like the "Man in the Iron Mask," to a life of perpetual sequestration. The lady died in 1857, and her guardian, who had treated her with deference, notwithstanding his choleric temper, had her buried under the borrowed name of *Sophie Bettis*, giving his own name as *Fiscal de Versay*. When he died, in 1845, it was found that this was an assumed name; and that he was of a family of Amsterdam. But his heirs knew nothing of the lady, of whose very existence they had been kept ignorant until they learned the fact from the people of the neighborhood. Was she an heiress abducted from her family, a wife carried off from her husband? Or was she really, as the peasantry believed, a person whose existence was inconvenient in some high political sphere? The general belief asserted that she had left a fortune; but none appeared to claim it, if such were indeed the case. The strangers had taken possession of the Castle of Eishausen in 1806. The "Count," as he was styled, used to be seen at the windows, armed with a spy-glass, jealously watching whatever was being done in the village; if any one, even a child, was seen to be trespassing on the grounds of the Castle, he would rush out in a fury to drive him away. He was, nevertheless, very charitable, and relieved all cases of poverty and distress brought to his knowledge by the curate of the village, whom he never saw, but with whom he kept up a daily correspondence by letter, learning from the curate all the news of the day, domestic and foreign, and remitting to him large sums of money for the poor of the neighborhood. The servant who carried the Count's daily letter to the curate, always brought it back to his master as soon as it had been read, along with the curate's daily dispatch. The opinions expressed in the Count's letters were those of an adherent of the elder branch of the French Bourbons. It appears tolerably certain that he had served as an officer in the French army, and that he held the office of secretary to the Dutch Ambassador at Paris until 1779. But this inkling of his history is all that the most careful inquiry has succeeded in ascertaining about him. Many a very tolerable romance has been built upon a slighter foundation.

A history of the rise and progress of theatrical exhibitions, from the earliest attempts in that line until our own day, would afford so many interesting glimpses of the various social phases through which the so-called "civilized" peoples have come up to their present height of cleverness—too often, alas! misdirected in its action—that one wonders such a task has never been undertaken except in a very fragmentary way. The Baron de Gleichen, in his memoirs, gives an amusing account of the first "sacred comedy" witnessed by him in the theatre of Madrid, in the reign of Charles III. of Spain. The scene represented a market. Jesus Christ and the Virgin each kept a stall, endeavoring to attract buyers and to keep them from buying at the rival stalls of Death and Sin. The Saviour's stall was placed on the front of the stage, in the midst of his enemies, and was adorned with a pix, and the sacramental cup, by way of a sign, set round with gilded rays. Death and Sin used every artifice to entice customers to purchase their wares, while Jesus and his Mother recited the most eloquent homilies to show to the people the dangerous nature of the seductions employed by their rivals. But despite their eloquent appeals, they sold much less than Death and Sin; a result which gave rise at the end of the piece to a sort of quadrille, danced by them all, and expressing the in olent triumph of Death and the Sins, and the profound discouragement of the Virgin and her Son, who, however, presently produce a couple of whips, with which they fall upon their rivals, whose insolence they chastise soundly, and whom they ended by driving from the stage. On another occasion, the Baron was present at a piece called "The Trial of the Fandango," a trial which did not take place before a secular court, but before his Holiness Pius V., and his Cardinals, who, bewitched by the strains of a guitar which the lawyer of the fandango draws from beneath his robe, quitted their seats, and fell to dancing, one after the other, to the great delight of the Madrilenes, more zealous, in those days, for the honor of their favorite dance, than careful for the dignity of the Pope. But the spectacle which seems the most to have diverted the Baron, was the sacred comedy called "The Annunciation." The Virgin was seen sitting on a stool beside a lighted charcoal brazier, on which is a seething pot. The angel Gabriel arrives on the stage, wrapped in a long cloak, and his hat drawn down over his eyes; he drops his cloak, pushes up his hat, and shows himself in the costume of a Spanish dandy of that day, with two angel's wings on his shoulders. Mary invites him to sit down by her, and offers him some chocolate from the pot. Gabriel politely declines, he is sorry he cannot accept her politeness, but he is engaged to dine with the Eternal Father. After many fine speeches on both sides, the Holy Ghost suddenly appears on the stage, offers his hand to the Virgin, and the three execute a fandango of the most animated description, which brings the piece to a termination, to the great satisfaction of all beholders.

QUANTUM.

"THE BALLAD OF THE SEVENTH."

[A visitor to the Seventh Regiment of New York, recently found them, according to the Phila. "Press," singing the following song:]

Come listen to my story, ye soldiers, one and all;
I'll tell you of the troubles that to us did befall;
For I'm one of many in your city's gallant band,
That has been at the mercy of the folks in Maryland.

We left the girls behind us one week ago to-day,
And from old New York harbor we sadly sailed away;
Our hearts were all behind us—our stomachs looked ahead,
And thought of pork and biscuit, on which they would be fed.

We sailed from Philadelphia, on next day afternoon,
And soon our hopes of glory went up in a balloon;
Our visions of all comfort were soon a perfect wreck—
Our roof it was the heavens—our couch it was the deck.

Ship-biscuit and tough hog-meat were rations for us all;
The quality was passable, the quantity was small;
The water-cask it soon run short; we could not get a cup;
And all the boys aboard our craft did very soon *dry up.*

Annapolis we reached at last—'twas on a Monday night;
The boys, like Mose, of Bowery fame, were spiling for a fight;
And soiled, and tired, and hungry, they marched up to the Fort,
And thought that soldiering, after all, was not such easy sport.

We started next for Washington, and walked the country o'er;
Such a God forsaken country we ne'er had seen before;
We soon had reached the Junction, and felt such perfect bliss,
That we looked ahead to Washington, and cursed Annapolis

And now we are in Washington, upon Meridian Hill,
Adored by all the girls from the "Grounds" to Pierce's Mill,
And this you may rely upon, wherever we may be,
Our motto is "Our Country, our God, and Liberty."

NEWS ITEMS.

A COMPANY of volunteers at Germantown (Pa.) were recently sickened by drinking coffee, which had been boiled and allowed to stand in a large tea kettle, with a copper bottom; and it is supposed the water was poisoned from the copper.

THE Brahmins in India have been obliged to suspend the laws of caste until the present famine is over. This is a remarkable circumstance.

STRAWBERRIES are selling in Mobile at 25 cents a quart.

THE Governors of Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois and Pennsylvania have entered upon a plan, approved by the Government, for the defence of their frontier lines. The States are to act as a unit.

A UNITED STATES mail, it is believed, will be pushed through to Baltimore in a few days. If the troops go through quietly the mails will follow.

A SPECIAL despatch to the Alexandria Gazette, dated Montgomery, May 7th, confirms the reported secession of Arkansas and Tennessee. Salutes were fired there in honor of these events.

FIFTEEN rifled cannon arrived recently at the Philadelphia Navy Yard. They are first class weapons of the new bore, being worth a whole battery of the ordinary cannon. The purpose to which they are to be applied is not known.

THE lady Mr. Sparrowgrass recently joined, the "Home Guard," at Yonkers, New York, and said in a speech that "it is understood that the Home Guard is not to go to the wars, and not to leave Yonkers, *except in case of invasion.*"

THERE are 1,500 men in Fort Monroe, and 550 in Fort McHenry—if not a few more.

A PENNSYLVANIA Government agent reports that there are 25,000 Secession troops within a radius of 50 miles of Richmond, and about 10,000 in Tennessee and Kentucky, whose destination is supposed to be Cairo.

SEVERAL officers of the U. S. army, who had resigned, are applying to come back again. General Cameron answers No to all such applications.

THICK SOLED BOOTS VS. CONSUMPTION.—The town clerk of Newton, Massachusetts, in his report on the vital statistics of that town, says—"The number of deaths by consumption has usually been about one fourth of the whole; the past year but fourteen; a favorable change in the leading disease of New England. The favorable result of the change from thin to thick soles in the feet and shoes of our females, is already visible. Should the recent fashion of thin soles again be attempted, it is hoped the ladies of Newton will stand firm on their thick soles."

WHAT IS SAID BY REFUGEES FROM THE SOUTH.—We yesterday saw a lady who arrived in the morning from a village a short distance from Savannah, Georgia. She left her home simply because living was so high as to exceed her income, previously sufficient to maintain her in comfort, if not luxury.—She informs us that at the time she left, which was six days ago, the price of any but the coarser kinds of provisions was almost proscriptive. Upon a tall which she showed to us, the last one paid previous to her departure, we find butter at 80 cents a pound, sirloin 28 cents, ham 25 cents, eggs 75 cents a dozen, and other articles in proportion. The negroes cause a good deal of anxiety, and are watched with great scrutiny. The privileges formerly accorded to them are entirely withheld, and all their usual religious gatherings strictly interdicted. An act approximating toward rebellion is punished in a way that effectually prevents a repetition. The value of negroes has declined to fifty per cent. of their former value, and no sales are made except by sheriff upon execution, or administrators of estates.—*Philadelphia North American.*

Lady Kingswood involuntarily shrank from her. It was evident that her ejaculation gave her great pain. She closed her eyes like one suffering from a sudden spasm, but after a moment's pause she turned her face, with a sad and gloomy expression, to the pale, young, trembling girl before her, so timid as a rule, so brave and firm exceptionally.

"Be it so," she ejaculated, coldly. "You are resolved on this point not to leave me in doubt. There is also another point on which I demand of you—I command you—to no longer leave me in doubt, and that is, that you communicate to me who the person is, who has thus basely and surreptitiously deprived you of your heart?"

Lady Maud threw up her head proudly for a moment, but she saw how seriously Lady Kingswood was affected, and her voice and manner became low and trembling as before.

"Lady Kingswood," she said, "you err in your supposition. You are, too, guilty of a cruel injustice. My love has not been won from me basely or surreptitiously; on the contrary, it has been frankly and freely bestowed. You wrong me also, Lady Kingswood, in presuming that I love where I cannot honor. He to whom I have given my heart is noble and generous in sentiment and spirit. He would scorn to be guilty of a mean or dishonorable action. I would stake my life upon his being a true and loyal gentleman, who would proudly dare a living man to cast an aspersion on him in his presence, and who would meet and disprove it as became his honor if uttered in his absence. Personally and mentally he is not second to the bravest, noblest, highest in the land. Undaunted in courage, gentle in spirit, truthful in thought and action, and incapable of producing a blush on the cheek of another, or upon his own, he requires no ancient name, nor title, nor vast worldly possessions to claim that seat in my heart which he, even unconsciously himself, won, and from which, Lady Kingswood, no living earthly power can displace him."

She removed almost angrily a sudden gush of tears which forced themselves into her eyes, and she confronted Lady Kingswood with a firmer aspect than she had previously assumed.

Lady Kingswood's uneasiness did not abate by what she heard; on the contrary, it rather increased.

"This human paragon," she said, in cold tones, "has a name, I presume? Communicate it to me."

"Pardon me, Lady Kingswood," replied Lady Maud, rather decidedly. "That is a portion of the secret which does not belong to you to demand, or even to me to reveal. That I love, I have admitted. That admission it was my exclusive right to make, but there for the present I must pause, and entreat you not to press me further, only to receive from my lips a succession of refusals as painful to you as to me."

"Lady Maud," returned Lady Kingswood, severely, "probably you will be good enough to step from your pedestal of romance into this every-day, working world. You will remember that while love, as a theoretical passion, may be a very pleasant emotion to persons young and weak as yourself, there is also a principle of yet more importance both socially and morally—it is duty. You must be taught, if unconscious of it, that station has its duties, from which it is not possible to depart, without losing caste; that being a young lady of title, inheriting an honorable name, you cannot sacrifice that and all the responsibilities attached to it for an idea. You are the Lady Maud St. Clair, moving in a high sphere, and known to the world as such. You cannot fix your affections at will upon some unknown person, and sacrifice name, fame, and all who are nearly connected with you, because you happened to be fascinated by some individual lurking in secrecy, and you clothe him with attributes not one of which he probably possesses. You must make sacrifices to your position—"

"Lady Kingswood, I am asked—nay, I am sternly commanded—to sacrifice peace, happiness, even self-respect for the sake of my station," cried Lady Maud, with passionate earnestness.

"Your self-respect, Lady Maud!" echoed Lady Kingswood.

"My self-respect, Lady Kingswood," repeated Lady Maud, with excitement. "Has not Lord Kingswood commanded me, have you not exhorted me to give my hand to Mr. Philip Avon?"

"But, Lady Maud," responded Lady Kingswood, "this is a marriage—"

"Of horror, of degradation, of contamination to me, Lady Kingswood," cried Lady Maud, passionately. "I detest, abhor, loathe this man. His aspect, his manner, his whole being is to me intensely odious. I sicken at his name; I shudder at his approach. I believe him to be untruthful and unworthy, yet Lord Kingswood would drag me before Heaven's own altar, and insist upon my false swearing myself; would compel me to register a vow to love, to honor, and to obey him—him who of all men living I detest, despise, and would never render obedience to. I might, Lady Kingswood, be prepared to make some sacrifices to a station which, under mere pressures, is painfully irksome to me; but that I will barter my self-respect, outrage my sense of truth, violate every sentiment with which happiness and virtue are bound up in this life—I cannot, I WILL NOT, Lady Kingswood!"

Lady Kingswood gazed at her with astonishment for a few minutes, seemingly bewildered by the force of her reasoning. But presently she recovered herself, and said, with some vehemence, although she preserved the lofty haughtiness she had assumed:—"Lady Maud, you are still regarding this question from an exceedingly romantic point of view. This is not a question of love at all, it is a question of duty, Lady Maud. *I* have made duty my lode-star through life; *I* have made continuous sacrifices for duty; and *I*—"

The door gently opened, and Mrs. Muddlemist put her head in, and then glided in immediately afterwards.

"Oh, if you please, m'lady," she said, approaching Lady Kingswood, "Mr. Pharisee, Lord Kingswood's valet, has arrived, m'lady, and he wishes to see your ladyship. I believe, m'lady, he brings a special message from his lordship, m'lady, and is requested by his lordship to deliver it himself to your ladyship, m'lady."

Lady Kingswood turned a ghastly hue as she received this announcement, and she involuntarily staggered back a step or two. It had arrived in the midst of her lecture on duty somewhat inopportunely.

She waved her hand hastily to the housekeeper.

"I—a—I will see Pharisee," she said, in a voice which had grown husky. "Conduct him to my boudoir, Muddlemist; I will see him there."

Mrs. Muddlemist went through the ceremony of an elaborate curtsey, and then trolled, or rather strutted, in her peculiar old-fashioned stately way.

Lady Kingswood, whose manner had strangely altered within the last few minutes, having changed from *hauteur* to humility, turned to Lady Maud, and said—

"It is important that we should again confer upon this subject. I hope yet to prevail with you, Maud; at present you entertain a strained, a wrong view of Lord Kingswood's wishes and—and my own."

She faltered out the last word, and it was almost inaudible. It mattered little. Lady Maud did not appear to heed it if she heard it.

She sank upon the couch as Lady Kingswood—like one in a dream—quitted the apartment; and murmured, as her tears fell thick and fast, "Erle, Erle, thine, thine alone, or Death's."

CHAPTER LXII.

One of Lady Kingswood's most anxious wishes had been, since she had been at Kingswood Hall, to obtain a secret interview with Pharisee.

She was anxious to know what had transpired since that night on which she had quitted the picture-gallery in Kingswood House, when the sudden appearance of Lady Maud in a state of somnambulism saved her from committing a fearful breach of that duty on which she had recently enlarged with such ardor to Lady Maud.

She knew not how the Marquis of Chillingham had made his escape any more than she knew how he had obtained admission. As Pharisee had no doubt introduced him, to no doubt he had conducted him safely away again, as she had heard nothing about it, and she had seen the Marquis of Chillingham perfectly unchanged in demeanor and appearance at Brighton.

She was indignant that Pharisee should have undertaken so rash and hazardous a step as to plan and to accomplish a secret midnight interview between her and the Marquis. She had entrusted a note to Pharisee to convey to him, but that very note contained a statement to the effect that she could not grant him the interview which he had asked, and she had promised should be given. It had requested a communication of importance relative to Erle, but there was nothing in its contents to urge him to the step he had taken.

She had, therefore, an impression that Pharisee, in an excess of zeal for her, had contrived and executed a project which had been fraught with so much misery to her, and might have been her utter destruction.

Under any circumstances, she believed Pharisee to have been an active party in carrying it out, and as such, entitled to her just anger—but then she was in his power!

She had not seen him since, and had yet to learn what had happened—what was brewing.

She hated the sallow face and oily sleekness of the man she was about to encounter. She disliked his cringing professions, his blandness, and his yet more repulsive expressions of devotion to her. She had felt this aversion to him from the first, now she feared him even more than she disliked him, and much as she wished to be made acquainted with the events which had occurred since she had quitted Kingswood House, and for what future she had to prepare herself, she dreaded to meet the very creature with whom she had been scheming and plotting to obtain an interview without having seemed to contrive it.

She had an instinctive dread of the message from Lord Kingswood. Why had he not written? why should this man have been chosen to be the bearer of this message, unless he had himself devised it? There was something in the arrangement which Lady Kingswood felt to be derogatory to herself, and a kind of premeditated insult on the part of Lord Kingswood; what, therefore, could be the nature of a message thus forwarded to her?

Even superior to this dread was the recoiling repugnance she felt at being again face to face with the man in whose power she had placed herself. She could better have borne to have encountered the Marquis of Chillingham, for, at least he was a man of education and position, and in the event of his attempting to trample down the barriers of respect, his sense of honor might be appealed to with some chance of success. But this man—Lady Kingswood turned pale, and trembled at the prospect of being forced into such a position with him.

Our instincts are seldom at fault. Lady Kingswood had as yet only reason to believe Pharisee faithful, devoted, and humble; painfully willing to render her service, and too meek and submissive to presume upon what he might have performed; but nevertheless, she feared that, in the ensuing meeting, she should find that the skin of a worm had but concealed the scales of a serpent.

She therefore called up a sense of the dignity of her elevated position, and assumed a haughtiness of demeanor which had frequently kept at a distance individuals of a station far higher than the man to whom she was about to grant an audience. She had access to the chamber in which Pharisee awaited her by a communication different to that which had admitted him, and she entered the room in which he was seated with the carriage of an Empress.

She slightly and coldly inclined her head as he rose up and bowed to her, and seating herself, she left him standing.

A glance told her that there was a great change in the man's exterior. He was dressed in black as usual, but there was a style in the set and fashion of his clothes which were very different to those befitting one holding his position. Then his straight black hair appeared to have been trimmed and curled, and his whiskers to have been dressed to a spruceness which was startling. His face remained, however, still the shape of a narrow paper kite, and as sallow as saffron, his bushy eyebrows stretching across the upper part nearly the whole width, and serving as pent roofs over eyes which moved slowly at times beneath them watchfully and warily, now dull and without speculation, and anon quick, ly, brightly and vividly.

"Your business with me, Pharisee?" said Lady Kingswood, coldly, as the valet stood motionless and silent.

He looked at her pale, frigid countenance, and his teeth slightly grated. "It is of importance to your ladyship," he replied.

Her lip curled. "You bring, I am informed by Muddlemist, a communication from Lord Kingswood to me. I had formed an intention, after what has passed, of declining to see or to receive either communications or messages from his lordship. On reconsidering this determination, I will hear what you have to say."

"Mrs. Muddlemist correctly delivered to your ladyship the message I forwarded by her," returned Pharisee, in a smooth tone.—"It was a precaution of importance to be observed, your ladyship, to state to the servants that I have been honored with the commands of Lord Kingswood to convey to your ladyship a communication from him. It would, indeed have been thoughtless and indiscreet on my part to have directed Mrs. Muddlemist to say that I wished to see your ladyship on your business and my own."

Lady Kingswood knew not how to reply. She felt the audacity of the observation, but she had made him a confidant, and she could not object to his observation. She did not she remained silent.

"I am therefore, your ladyship, here upon very grave and serious business, connected ultimately with your ladyship, and—and your most humble and devoted slave."

Still Lady Kingswood remained silent.—She could not articulate a word, although she tried for a moment to speak, intending to decline to hear anything further from him since he had no message from Lord Kingswood to deliver. Pharisee therefore proceeded—"Your ladyship will remember that you urged upon me the task of discovering the whole of the mystery connected with Mr. Erle Gower and the relationship in which he stands to Lord Kingswood."

Lady Kingswood waved her hand as if to prevent his saying more; but with eyes fixed upon the carpet, he apparently did not observe her gesture; at all events, he did not heed it.

"I have made the greatest exertions to comply with your ladyship's commands," he said, with quiet but deliberate emphasis.—"At the risk of rousing the suspicions of Lord Kingswood, of incurring his displeasure—indeed, Lady Kingswood, at the hazard of my own existence—I found a clue to certain individuals who were in possession of all the facts, and I have tracked them, dogged them, watched them, secreted myself where I could overhear their mutual statements and admissions, all bearing on the one subject, and all directed to the one same terrible conclusion."

Lady Kingswood passed her hand across her eyes, and then, with an effort, said —"I have myself reached a conclusion upon this horrible affair. I do not desire to hear the sickening details. I have partly determined upon my course, and, therefore, Pharisee, I request you for the present to be silent on this iniquitous and degrading story."

"Pardon me, my lady," he returned, rather hastily. "I am afraid that your conclusion falls very far short of the truth. The facts are, unfortunately, more frightful than your ladyship can possibly have contemplated."

"What facts can be more frightful than that the boy introduced mysteriously beneath this roof is a son of my Lord Kingswood?" responded Lady Kingswood, bitterly.

Pharisee shrugged his shoulders. "If it were only that, my lady, the difficulty now existing might be soon got over," he exclaimed. "Lord Kingswood has had his frailties—of that your ladyship has a living proof; and his lordship would scarcely, knowing that, dare to challenge the strict platonism of your ladyship's friendship with the Marquis of Chillingham."

Lady Kingswood's eyes flashed fire. "How dare you insinuate?" she cried, angrily.

He stopped her. "Pray pardon me, Lady Kingswood, I do not insinuate," he cried, deprecatingly. "I do not desire, much less attempt to do so. I know Lord Kingswood to be proud, haughty, impetuous, and jealous of that honor he has but so ill preserved. I merely suggest that his right to exercise a control over your ladyship's actions would be destroyed by his own infidelity to your ladyship. I am only saying *if* your ladyship's conclusion was the sum of the wrong done to you, it might be surmounted. Not, of course, without considerable pain and vexation to your ladyship, but sufficiently to keep the world from becoming acquainted with the unpleasant events which have transpired. But unhappily, your ladyship, that conclusion is not all."

"Not all?" echoed Lady Kingswood, with an alarmed expression stealing over her features.

She did not like the peculiar gravity of Pharisee's words, nor the ambiguity with which he prefaced a communication which seemed to promise to be more fearful than any she had heard respecting Lord Kingswood's conduct to her.

"It is, my lady, I am grieved to say, not all; indeed, it is very far from being all that your ladyship will have to hear," he replied.

She groaned. "Keep me not in suspense, Pharisee," she gasped. "You cannot fathom the nature of my feelings. I cannot bear protracted details, give me the heads—the sum of all you have to say at once."

"I regret, my lady, that in this I cannot comply with your ladyship's commands," he rejoined, with a humble bend. "Your lady ship will recollect how you impressed upon me to search for the truth, to discard mere surmises and presumptions, and to arm you with facts. I am about to do this, but I must, if your ladyship wishes to know all, proceed after my own manner."

Lady Kingswood wrung her hands. "I know too much already," she murmured, bitterly. "However, Pharisee, proceed. If I am to hear worse than I already know, it matters little in what form or order it comes."

Pharisee gazed admiringly upon her handsome face, but adhering to his cringing attitude and his fawning tone of voice, he said—"Your ladyship is aware that there are not only strange traditions clinging to the House of Kingswood, but that there are strange, incomprehensible circumstances occurring within and in the vicinity of this ancient Hall."

"I am aware of that," remarked Lady Kingswood.

"The sights and the noises seen and heard within the old part of this antique Hall may be taken, Lady Kingswood, for what they are worth," continued Pharisee, "inasmuch, that their value depends upon the reliability of the individuals making the statements. But I believe that no doubt does exist in the mind of any person residing within this Hall, or within its neighborhood for miles, that there actually is a living WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHACE."

"A living wonder?" gasped Lady Kingswood. And then she remembered that Erle and Maud had both spoken of a young and beautiful girl they had met in the Chace, that she had then an uneasy impression that Cyril, acquainted with the existence and the residence of this sylvan beauty, had formed a wild, romantic attachment to her, which was the clue of his changed appearance and altered manner, and that Erle had stated that this young, lovely forest maiden had been named by one of their gamekeepers *The Wonder of Kingswood Chace*."

She was versed in the traditions of the House, and at the time Erle made this communication to her it had deeply affected her; now Pharisee's mention of her in advance of the revelation he was about to make almost froze the blood in her veins.

"What—what of her?" she subjoined, in a hoarse voice.

Pharisee bent his eyes slowly but steadfastly upon Lady Kingswood, and emphasising each word, said,

"This young lady is in the face the counterpart of the weird Lady Maud. I have seen her, Lady Kingswood. So, indeed, has your ladyship."

A thrill of terror went through Lady Kingswood's frame. "The weird Lady Maud?" she ejaculated. "I—I have seen her? Where?"

"In the carriage-ride in Hyde-park, my lady, on horseback, side by side with Mr. Erle Gower, and also, I believe, at the Marquis of Chillingham's—"

"I remember her well—yes—yes, pale, fair, *spirituelle*—and, oh, Heaven! in truth, fearfully like unto the statue of Lady Maud in the old library," cried Lady Kingswood, panting under her emotion.

"The same," rejoined Pharisee. "The weird Lady Maud was a Kingswood, my lady, and it will naturally suggest itself that none but a Kingswood would so closely resemble one of the most noted of the ancestry."

Lady Kingswood buried her face in her hands, and a passionate burst of tears forced their way through her eyelids and trickled beneath her white fingers.

But she almost instantaneously flung back her face, and with the water yet gleaming in her eyes, she said, "You mean, in fact, to tell me that Erle and this girl are brother and sister?"

"It is even so, my lady," he replied, in an insinuating tone; "but I do not see how such a fact would alone materially add to the injury inflicted upon you by Lord Kingswood; but when that comes into combination with another fact, the injury then becomes irreparable."

"With another fact," half-shrieked Lady Kingswood, rising up. "Man, you torture, maddem me by this slow, piecemeal recital. I cannot endure it; give me at once the whole dreadful secret you are about to reveal."

She towered before him, and with clenched hands and outstretched arms, startled him. He shrank back a pace or two, and said, rather hurriedly, "In brief, then, my lady, that boy is the heir of Kingswood; the girl, my lord's legitimate daughter. You are, in fact, not Lady Kingswood; and your son, Mr. Cyril, is entitled to bear only your maiden name."

Lady Kingswood gazed upon him like one who had been smitten by a stroke of paralysis. She clutched at a table for support, and then staggering back, sank insensible upon a couch.

Pharisee moved towards her, after casting a furtive glance round the apartment; he did not summon assistance, for having expected some such scene, he had provided himself with a bottle of smelling-salts.

He applied it to Lady Kingswood's nostrils, and in silence watched her recovery. She awoke like one from out of a frightful dream, but the long, sallow face of Pharisee caught her eyes, and a half-smothered shriek burst from her lips, and again she hid her face in her hands.

"Lady Kingswood," he said, in a low tone, "you remember what I have communicated to you?"

An agonized groan burst from her lips. "It cannot be true!" she exclaimed, in a tone of intense anguish.

"It is true!" he returned, with emphasis. "It is true, Lady Kingswood! I know where the marriage between Lord Kingswood and the mother of the children was solemnized. I know the name and the residence of the clergyman by whom it was performed. I have seen the certificate duly signed and witnessed of the marriage, and I can establish beyond dispute that it took place before you went through the farce of a wedding with Lord Kingswood. Let me now ask you, Lady Kingswood, what course, after this, you intend to pursue?"

The strange, almost insolent tone in which he put this question roused Lady Kingswood out of her passionate grief. She turned her flashing though humid eyes upon him, as if to demand of him how he durst put such a question to her.

He saw the look, and interpreted it correctly. "Lady Kingswood," he said, as she remained indignantly silent, "let me answer that question for you. Kingswood Hall is no longer a home for you. You cannot remain beneath this roof if even you had the meanness of spirit to wish it, which I am sure you have not. You must therefore depart hence—but where? Again I say let me answer that question. Your ladyship bade me name my own reward for the services I have rendered you, and to *claim it when due*. It is due now, and I claim it. It is yourself, Lady Kingswood! I have long loved you passionately—"

She laid her hand upon the bell, and rang it frantically.

Pharisee's face became an olive color. "Beware, Lady Kingswood," he cried, in a guttural voice, "of my revenge!"

The door opened, and a man-servant appeared.

Lady Kingswood extended her hand to him in a commanding tone, and cried,

"Stand you there to guard the door, but, with your voice, summon half a-dozen of your fellows here."

The man, with an air of astonishment, did as he was ordered.

Pharisee, with a face of a whitish-green hue, showed his teeth as a hound would its fangs. "Lady Kingswood, I bid you beware!" he cried.

"Silence, wretch!" she screamed rather than spoke, and addressing the servant, she said, in tones quivering with excitement, "if he dares attempt to utter a word, strike him to the ground."

The servant advanced instantly with a menacing manner, and as he did so, three or four other servants appeared.

Lady Kingswood, erect and immoveable as a statue, gave that she pointed to Pharisee, said, in a voice she endeavored to make calm, to the men who pressed in,

"Seize that fellow who has dared to fasten upon me an insult. Lash him through the park, and fling him thence through the gate-way into the road beyond!"

In an instant Pharisee, to whom all these men had been so civil previously, seized him in their arms, and with sticks and riding-whips, chased him through the park, leaving him almost senseless and livid from neck to heels, groaning and fainting on the pathway.

When the noise of the men hurrying Pharisee out, had ceased, Lady Kingswood, paler than a spectre, tottered to her bed-chamber and locked herself in.

As her hand left the key, there was a sound within of one who had fallen lifeless upon the floor.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NOTICE TO VOLUNTEER NURSES BY MISS DIX.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 6, 1861.—Persons devoting their strength and experience on *free service* as nurses in the military hospitals, for care of the sick and wounded, are very respectfully requested not to render themselves immediately at head-quarters, Washington city, but to send forward collectively, from towns and cities, their names, ages, whether below or above thirty years, and places of residence, and at the same time indicate the period for which they determine to devote themselves to this entirely self-sacrificing, laborious service. It is also earnestly requested that all who purpose taking up these arduous duties, and who are not now fully qualified, should take practical instruction in nursing, and report themselves through the physicians and surgeons of their town or city. These suggestions are tendered to spare confusion and expensive journeys.

At present there is general health in the army, but should epidemics appear, or serious conflicts ensue, it will be needful to summon voluntary *free service nurses, at an hour's notice*. Such will please, therefore, to hold themselves ready for active duty.

Your counsellor, by courtesy, on Christian service,

D. L. DIX.

The services of Miss Dix have been officially accepted by the War Department, and "she is fully authorized to receive, contract and disburse special supplies bestowed by individuals or associations for the comfort of their friends or the citizen soldiers from all parts of the United States."

It is further suggested that the ladies exert themselves to their fullest extent, in preparing or supplying hospital shirts for the sick; also, articles of diet which, if necessary, can be preserved, as delicacies may be needed for individual cases.

Woollen body garments and woollen socks are in immediate request for the soldiers.

Miss DIX's residence is 505 Twelfth street, between E. and F., Washington, D. C.

ARRIVAL OF MRS. LINCOLN AND MAJOR ANDERSON.—Mrs. Lincoln, Colonel Anderson, and others, arrived in this city on Friday night, of last week. They were received with great enthusiasm. Col. Anderson had a public reception on Saturday at Independence Hall. His passage through the streets with a military escort was a perfect popular ovation. Anderson looks like his portraits—though a little older. He is a modest, retiring gentleman, whose forte is action rather than speech-making. Though what he says is well said. Mrs. Lincoln is quite a good-looking lady. She left for New York on Saturday.

A SINGULAR OPERATION IN CHINA.

A juggler was on one occasion exhibiting before a crowd, and performed a needle-trick as follows:—He first pretended to swallow twenty needles singly, and then a piece of string, to which they were to be threaded, and afterwards drawn out by a hooked wire. On passing down the hook this time, however, the needles had slipped too low, and both hook and needles became fixed in his throat. After several attempts, he extricated eight or ten of the needles, and was then brought to the hospital. On passing the finger into the throat the needles were distinctly felt, and the hook found to be firmly fixed at the back of the pharynx. It was finally detached, and drawn out; and with some difficulty four more of the needles, with a portion of the string, were removed. The rest of the needles could not by any possibility be reached, either by the finger or by forceps, and the worst feature of the case was that the needles, which were all attached to the string, pierced the œsophagus in different directions. The patient suffered much from dyspnœa, with great agony, from a sense of suffocation in the throat; an emetic was given, in the hope that some of the needles might be loosened by the vomiting, but only one came away. A probang was passed during the evening without difficulty, but without benefit; leeches were applied, with considerable relief for a time, and hot fomentations to the neck, but great tumefaction, both external and internal, took place, and finally the man died five days after the accident. He was a poor, feeble fellow, the victim of opium-smoking and other vicious habits. The state of his health, along with the great uncertainty of any beneficial result, precluded the idea of performing any operation.—*The Medical Missionary in China.*

☞ How to meet a Bankrupt.—Take no note of him.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1861.

REMITTANCES.

For the information of our friends, we may state that bills on all solvent banks in the United States and Canada are taken at par on subscription to THE POST, but we *prefer* Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Delaware or New England money. Gold (well secured in the letter) and postage stamps are always acceptable. For all amounts over $5 we prefer drafts on any of the Eastern cities (less exchange) *payable to our order.*

If our friends throughout the country will comply with these suggestions so far as convenient, the favor will be appreciated.

NOTICE.

In such unsettled times as these, it will scarcely be possible for the proprietors of THE POST to extend as much forbearance as heretofore to subscribers in arrears. In all such cases, if the money is not speedily remitted in answer to our bills, we shall be compelled to stop the paper.

A NEW NOVELET.

BY MRS. WOOD.

In our next issue we design commencing a new Novelet, written expressly for THE POST, by MRS. WOOD, author of "The Earl's Daughters," "Pommeroy Abbey," "Danesbury House," "The Red Court Farm," &c. It is called

THE MYSTERY;
or,
The Recollections of Anne Hereford;

and is, we think, on the whole, the best story we have yet had from its talented author.

The beginning of this new Novelet will be an excellent time to commence taking THE POST, and *we hope our readers will suggest the matter to their friends.*

While the stories of THE POST are unsurpassed, we give a large amount of other matter, of an interesting and instructive character.

During the present national difficulties, we also design giving every week a Full Summary of the News, together with such Military selections as may be expected to interest our readers.

COST OF MILK.

A city contemporary gives an estimate, showing how large a profit is made by the sellers of milk. It says:—

An ordinary dairy cow is computed by dairymen to yield twelve quarts of milk per day, for the year. This milk sells in market for six cents per quart, which gives as the proceeds from one cow in one year the sum of $232,80. Good milch cows can be purchased for from $30 to $40 each, but taking them at the highest price, we have these figures:

First cost of animal	$40,00
Interest on $40	2,80
Tare	10,00
Provisioning one cow per year	25,00
Labor in milking, etc.	20,00
Total,	$97,80

leaving a profit of $135 to each cow, or one hundred and fifty per cent. between the producer and consumer. Startling as these facts are, they are, nevertheless, true. Crowded as the large cities are with those who are unemployed, the show of profits in the two items of flour and milk, should induce them to look to the country, and there resolutely cultivate the soil.

"Startling facts, indeed, if true. But we have tried raising milk for ourselves, and we know that we cannot feed a cow, as she ought

to be fed, for one year on $35. But, even granting that a farmer can, though $37 would be probably nearer the mark, the yield of milk is greatly over-estimated. An average cow would scarcely average more than *six* quarts of milk for a whole year. At six cents a quart, this would be $131.40, leaving a profit, as we calculate it, of $73 for the healthy cows of the herd. Then there is the labor or cost of serving the milk, which, if not incurred, the milk must be sold in the quantity at a lower price than six cents. Three cents, indeed, is the usual wholesale price at Chester, Burlington, and other towns around Philadelphia—the server of the milk positively gettin; as much of the price paid by the consumer, as the farmer does; even more when he waters it. But how a farmer can raise and sell milk for three cents a quart, passes our comprehension. The middle-men must make all the money. Even when the farmer retails the milk himself, and gets six cents, we have no doubt that it requires good and careful management to make money at the business.

COUNTRY HOMES.

A late ride into the country suggested the rich privileges of homes that are set down amid the quiet glory of the fields and woods. What exhaustless stores of beauty are in the changing face of the Heavens—what endless delight in the free winds, whether wild or gentle, whether they smite or kiss your cheek. And the beautiful earth, infinite in its diversity, supplying what the spirit of man incessantly craves—variety, change, in a word, life, and fashioned with a fulness of perfection that mortal perception can never wholly grasp—what privilege can exceed that of living and working day after day, hand in hand with nature, the satiety of advancing age perpetually charmed away by the ministry of that which never grows old? The freedom of cities was in old times conferred as a kingly boon; the freedom of earth and sky—that is God's gift, and he who feels it has the light elastic tread and princely dignity of carriage worthy the gift and the Giver.

But the farmer's toil for daily bread, does it not dim the eye and bow the form and cloud the spirit, thus neutralizing every privilege? We will face that objection with the answer—not in a land of liberty and equal rights. In a free land the necessity of tilling the earth in the sweat of your brow carries no curse with it. Say that the farmer is poor, that he must work from dawn till dark so unremittingly that he can but stretch his wearied limbs in dreamless slumber from dark till dawn. After six days of toil comes the day of rest—the Sabbath appointed by Him who knew what was in man. Labor is laid aside, the house is swept and garnished, and so is the mind; body and soul relax from the tension of necessity. Rest! It is the Sabbath of the Lord your God. Look up and feel His protecting, embracing, infinite love in the blue dome of light and air; look abroad upon His power and His goodness in the marvellous beauty of the earth; and with your pleasure in each perfect work take freely into your heart the gladdening thought—"My Father made them all!" Let its sweetness sink deep. That glow of pride and holy love is no illusion; the Promises are sure—"If children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ." You enter the house of prayer, remembering that He has said, "Where two or three are gathered together in My name there will I be in the midst of them." The rustle of leaves and the song of birds rippling in from the outer air upon the hush of worship, fall upon the ear less like sounds than stillness made audible, leaving the sense of quiet more complete and balmy. The busy feet are still, the busy hands are folded, the busy thoughts, engrossed without cessation through the week by cares for the wants of the body, soar aloft with winged freedom;—the child of earth sleeps the heir of heaven rejoices.

Labor and rest thus alternated preserve a healthful balance. But the farmer has this immeasurable advantage over the artisan in cities, that his field of labor, the great workshop of Nature, is of royal dimensions; and in all its appointments, its draperies and pictures, its music and perfumes, of royal magnificence. He rises in summer at the break of day, while yet the birds are but twittering half awake, and chirping their preparatory notes to the full gushing matinee that hails the rising sun. He is guiding his plough, it is true, with diligent heed, but that need not prevent his taking in at every pore the glory of the morning—the resplendent eastern sky, the blossoming orchards or clover fields freighting the air with sweeter odors than the richest garden of exotics, the smooth, green carpet of the close-cropped meadow, where the lazy, comfortable cattle feed, contrasting with the brown ridges of freshly turned up earth; the timid, harmless creatures of the woods darting swiftly across his path, or pausing to glance up into the face that is as much at home out of doors as they are—to all these pleasant sights and sounds his senses may be open while his work goes on with steady progress. And even the hardship of harvesting under the burning sun of midsummer has its abatements and compensations. Ladies from the city, sitting on a shady piazza, dressed in white, languidly fanning themselves, and feeling *that* too much exertion, look on with wonder and pity while the lusty sweep of the harvester's arm mows down the ranks of bearded grain. It overpowers them even to think how weary he must be. They could not be expected to believe it without a degree of experience, but the fact is that they themselves are far more oppressed by the heat than the hardy worker. His brow is bathed in moisture, and every breath of air brings him a delicious coolness which they are seeking for in vain.

We know some dwellers in country homes who are fully aware of their privileges, living ever with eyes and ears open to enjoy; many others who find country life dull and common-place, and who need to have their eyes anointed with the Golden Water of the fairy story before they can get the good of blessings that cluster all about their daily paths.

THE ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Thirty-Eight Exhibitions of the Academy of Fine Arts, now open at the Hall in Chestnut above Tenth, is, perhaps, not so rich in pictures of unequivocal excellence as some of the annual displays of art have been, but contains many pictures to attract, and some to charm us. The well-known favorites of the public are generally well represented, and there are some new names, and some which are growing into position and celebrity with every year.

The admirers of Rothermel will have pleasure in finding several new pictures by the painter of thews and sinews. His "Napoleon witnessing the burning of the Kremlin at Moscow," is unusually subdued and untheatrical in style. The figure of the baffled conqueror—the white set face, and the hand that clutches at his breast—are excellently imagined and portrayed. We looked with some curiosity for Rothermel's "Coriolanus," which has been an object of praise to some of his admirers, but found the hero, stretching forth his manly left leg like the Knave of Clubs, not at all to our taste, and the broad-faced lachrymose female who clings to his arm is certainly not a Shaksspearian Virgilia.

Our Turnerian painter, Hamilton, contributes several new pictures. That of "Ruins in Egypt," is one of his characteristic sunset views, with intense glow in the sky, red light streaming along the waste of sand, and red and green reflections upon the ruins, which are doubtless very fine, but somewhat puzzling as to their source and meaning. A moonlight scene, by the same artist, representing the hour when

"Jessica stole from the wealthy Jew,
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice,"

is a fine picture, when viewed from sufficient distance for us to lose the glare of the reds and greens with which the painter, in disregard of natural harmony, has chosen to brighten up the bluish tints of moonlight coloring. The moonlight garden scene, exhibited last year, under the same title of "On such a night as this," is to be found this year in the North Gallery. It has more poetical beauty than the Venitian scene, but is marred in our apprehension by the same violent contrasts of color. Let any one test scarlet, blue, and green by moonlight, and see if the softened and sobered tints bear any semblance to this vivid coloring. Yet it is as a colorist that Mr. Hamilton has achieved his popularity, and even erected himself into the type of a school. A gentleman of high artistic culture defended, in our hearing, some of his most violent contrasts, not on the ground of their faithful adherence to nature—by no means; that point was given up—but because they were artistically needed to relieve and set off the prevailing tint of the picture.

Still, we very much doubt whether any painter, be he Hamilton, Turner himself, or whoever else, can safely improve upon Nature. If drapery or accessories are introduced to relieve the tint, it is well done; but when we are shown a sky of such vivid depth of blue as is never seen accompanied by such brightness as flames along the horizon, our sense of the sacred reverence due to Nature's harmonies is shocked, and revolts against the painter and his work.

The converse of this daringly unnatural style is seen in the paintings of Paul Weber, which delight every one, from the artist to the child, and this not by any superficiality of composition or execution, but by the exquisite harmony of all their details, which renders them a faithful exponent of nature, but of nature as revealed to us through a thoughtful and poetic mind; perfect in itself, and of deeper beauty as the expression of an inward truth.

His "Castle of Heidelberg" is very beautiful, and the "Forest of Fontainebleu" is so perfect in the beauty and delicacy of its detail, that long study can scarcely exhaust it.

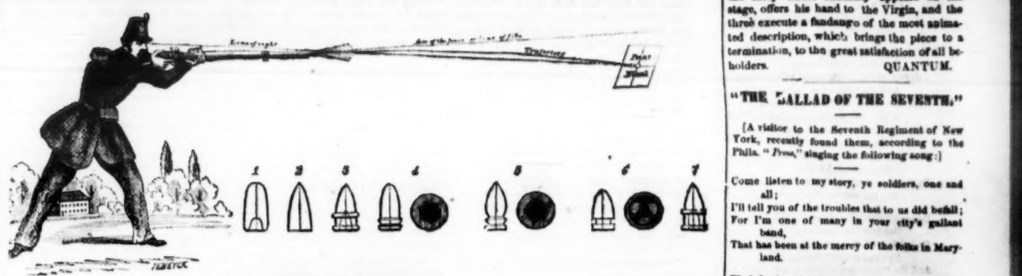
We were much impressed by a fine picture by Haseltine, called "Ruins of an Aqueduct on the Campagna." We have an idea that this is not its first exhibition, but if so, we have not hitherto had an opportunity of observing it attentively. It is remarkable as an expression of the essential idea of Modern Italy, not, as now, raising her reviving head in the hope of a new and better life, but Italy the mother of dead nations, crouching in motionless, despairing apathy beside the graves of her past glory. The sunset light that irradiates the picture has in it no rosy glow of hope and life; it is a dull, lurid glare, resting on the shattered pieces of the broken aqueduct "like dying fire on deified altars," and reflected from the stagnant pools in the foreground, from whose waters rise the death-dealing mists of the fatal Campagna. It is an impressive picture, finely conceived, and as finely executed.

In naming a few of the pictures which attracted our attention on our first visit, we must not omit an exquisite little "Study from Nature," by W. T. Richards. The eye revels in the wealth of vegetation in the foreground, the transparent little eye of water "set jewel-like, and cased as richly," and is allured to follow the green vista that leads through the wood to realms of summer delight. It is a little gem.

It is but a cursory view that can be taken of the Exhibition in one's first visit. It is pleasant and good to sometimes leave the feverish turmoil that agitates the life of our city, and step within the quiet, peaceful coolness of those still halls, and for one hour forget, if we can, the whirl of the outer world in the calm beauty of the world of Art.

MRS. SIGOURNEY writes, that though a native of the South, she is not a secessionist, and that the "heroic conduct" attributed to her, is utterly untrue; that she came to the North on account of the health of her children, &c.

ABOUT forty West Point cadets, of the senior class, on their way to Washington, were recently arrested in this city by advice of a telegram from New York. It was an amusing but awkward blunder.



RIFLES AND SHOOTING.

The great essentials of modern infantry tactics are quick and steady movements, combined with rapid and accurate rifle shooting. A complete revolution has been effected in the army exercises in Europe within ten years, and few of our citizen soldiery seem to be aware of the fact. Every soldier and citizen should now make himself acquainted with field exercises, by shooting at targets at various distances, from 200 up to 1,200 yards, while performing rapid evolutions. All our citizen soldiers require considerable severe drilling in the field, so as to become quick and accurate marksmen. Some general and plain instructions on this topic will be useful to all.

The first thing necessary for a soldier is a trusty rifle. It should be easily and conveniently charged, and its fire should be certain and effective. It should be capable of destroying an enemy at the distance of 1,200 yards with its bullet, and it should be effective in hand-to-hand combat with a sword or bayonet attached to it. A soldier should, therefore, know what his rifle can do, and what he can do with it, at certain distances. If he is ignorant of these, let him be taught before sending him to fight.

The accompanying figure represents a light infantry soldier firing point blank. The trajectory of the projectile or bullet is shown, together with the several forms of bullets used in European armies; also the American picket bullet and army cartridge.

[NOTE BY EDITOR OF POST.—The attitude is not the usual one given in either the Scott or the Hardee drill books, which is nearly an erect one. We judge it to be the attitude of a skirmisher, who has run forward to deliver a hasty shot.]

THE BULLETS AND BORES.

Bullet No. 1 is that of the British Enfield rifle. Its form is defective. The front is too blunt, and the cylinder too long without a groove. No. 2 is the American picket bullet, without a chamber to adapt it for quick loading. When solid it carries more accurately. No. 3 is the French Delvigne bullet—it is good. The friction is but limited, as it comes only upon the two rings, and the grooves is wound with a greased cord. This lubricates the missile, and tends to keep the bore clean. Nos. 4 and 5 are views of the famous Swiss bullets, with sections of their rifles. Their accuracy is remarkable. At 800 yards distance they strike targets of four by six feet 66 times out of 100 shots. No. 6 is the most highly approved French bullet, with a section of its hollow chamber, which is a three-sided pyramid. This bullet was adopted after a great many experiments as being the best. No. 7 is a double-ringed bullet with a chamber; it is good for rapid loading. No. 8 is the American cartridge, with a conical ball having three grooves. Formerly, the United States cartridges contained a ball and three buck shot.

The hollow chamber in a bullet is to admit of rapid loading. The powder expands the lead, fills the bore, and prevents windage, therefore they are not required to fit so snugly at the muzzle. A heavy bullet has the greatest range. By making it long-cylindrical in form, greater weight is secured, but such bullets must have rings or grooves in proportion to the length of the cylinder, so as to lessen the friction.

PRINCIPLES OF SHOOTING.

The general principles of firing, applicable to all rifles and fire-arms, are deduced from the positions of three lines relatively to one another, namely, line of fire, line of sight, and the trajectory. The line of fire is the axis of the barrel prolonged indefinitely; it is the line along which the centre of the ball is directed. The line of sight passes through the bottom of the notch in the rear sight of the rifle and the upper edge of the front sight. To *aim* is to direct the line of sight upon an object, as shown in the figure. To do this correctly, the rear and front sights of the rifle and the point or object aimed at must be in the same straight line. If the rifle has been properly tested, if it is accurate in projecting its missile, a man with a clear eye, a steady hand, and a cool head, will soon make a good marksman by carefully sighting his object, if he loads his rifle carefully.

The trajectory is a curved line described in the atmosphere by the centre of the bullet in its flight. The trajectory and the line of fire becomes more separated as the distance of flight increases. The line of fire is above the trajectory. The bullet, during its flight, is subjected to the action of three forces, viz. the impulse of the powder, the resistance of the air, and the action of gravity. The air tends to divert it from its right line of flight, and shortens its range; gravity gradually brings it to the ground. The more flat the trajectory line, the more dangerous is the shooting. In order, therefore, to obtain accuracy of fire, it is necessary that the soldier should be able to judge of his distance from the object to be struck, so that the bullet may

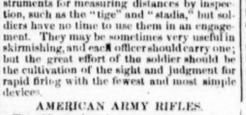


Fig. 8.

not be directed to fall within or beyond the point-blank distance. The mode of appreciating distances by the eye alone should be constantly practised, and there is no other proper way of doing this than by firing at a target, first at measured distances, then at targets where the distances are not measured. There are instruments for measuring distances by inspection, such as the "tige" and "stadia," but soldiers have no time to use them in an engagement. They may be sometimes very useful in skirmishing, and each officer should carry one; but the great effort of the soldier should be the cultivation of the sight and judgment for rapid firing with the fewest and most simple devices.

AMERICAN ARMY RIFLES.

The rifle muskets in our regular army have their grooves with a twist of one turn in six feet, and decreasing in depth from breech to muzzle. This makes the cartridge a little stiff to leave the muzzle, but its shooting is more accurate on this account. The ball has three grooves around the cylindrical part and no wedge or capsule is used inside. The weight of the ball is 730 grains, the charge of powder is 70 grains. The barrel of the rifle musket is 40 inches long, and entire, with bayonet, 74.85 inches. The army rifle (not the rifled musket) is 33 inches long; with bayonet the weapon is 71.8 inches long. The total weight of the rifle-musket is 9.90 pounds; that of the rifle, with a bayonet, 12.98 pounds. The United States rifles are fired without patches. The rifles and rifle-muskets of our army compare favorably with those of the Europeans. They are like those of England; the latter were adopted from American models. No target practice in our army has, however, been ever reported to equal that of the Swiss, English, Austrian or French soldiers.

BREECH-LOADING RIFLES.

A Board met at West Point, four years ago, to test breech-loading rifles. They experimented with quite a number, subjecting them to target firing. A Sharpe's rifle was fired 18 times in 50 seconds; but Colonel Burnside's was considered the best. A second Board met in 1858, and again decided in favor of Burnside's, but did not recommend it. Colt's revolving rifle is like his pistol in the principle of its construction. It has seven grooves of uniform depth and increasing twist. There are very few breech-loading rifles in the army; they are not so accurate as those which load at the muzzle, and they are more complex in construction.

SCHOOLS FOR RIFLE PRACTICE.

Shooting schools have been established in all the European armies, and at West Point the cadets are regularly instructed in firing at the target, but only at short distances. In England the shooting school is at Hythe. The term in it occupies two and a half months. Detachments of the regiments succeed each other there during the entire year. In France the term of practice occupies four months.—Practical instruction is given to the soldiers in estimating distances by the eye, and in rapid accurate firing. Such establishments should be commenced at once.

INACCURATE FIRING.

It has been said that "the battles of the American Revolution were gained by the rifle." The British soldiers were not then instructed to shoot at a mark; but those days are all past forever. At the battle of Vittoria, in Spain, 800 balls were fired for every man that was killed. At the battle of Cherubusco, in Mexico, 125 American balls were fired for every Mexican that was killed; this was better firing than that of the enemy, who fired 800 balls for every man killed on our side. In England a party of 30 skirmishers can destroy a battery of light artillery, at 800 yards distance, in one minute. Still we read that even at Solferino, since the recent great improvement in firearms, the Austrians fired 8,400,000 rounds, while the loss of the French and Italians was 2,000 killed and 10,000 wounded. Each man hit cost 700 rounds, and every man killed cost 4,200 rounds. The mean weight of a ball is one ounce; thus we find that it required, on an average, 272 pounds of lead to kill a man.

NEW MILITARY TACTICS.

In the olden times, the solid columns and the desperate charge generally won the battle; but light, active troops, spread over an extended field with good rifles, would soon slaughter the best drilled columns in the world, armed with smooth-bored muskets, and handled in the old-fashioned pasteboard style. Modern tactics require a more extended field for manœuvring, hence greater care is necessary in handling the soldiers, and more intelligence on the part of the soldier is necessary for taking up proper positions, to save themselves and harass the enemy to the greatest advantage. Formerly, the position of an army could be approached within 300 yards, without experiencing injury from infantry fire. With the modern rifles they could not approach nearer than 1,000 yards. Cavalry must keep at a respectable distance until they can dash in under cover of the smoke, or be preceded by riflemen and artillery.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

WHO WAS SHE?—OLD SPANISH THEATRICALS.

Mr. Editor of the Post:—

Friedrich Bulau has just published a very interesting and amusing book, somewhat akin to the subject of my last week's remarks, entitled "Enigmatic Personages, mysterious histories, events little understood," in which, with an erudition and perseverance of research worthy of his nationality, this son of dreamy Germany gives an account of a vast number of inexplicable things, apparently testified to by hosts of witnesses. He gives us the strange history of the Chevalier d'Eon, who passed for a woman during the last years of his life; of Cagliostro, the Count of St. Germain, the Count of Bouneval, who, like the Danube, began life a Christian, and ended it as a Turk; with an immense number of curious and amusing anecdotes and scenes, forming three volumes such as one does not meet with every day in the year. The work opens with an account of the mysterious inhabitants of the old Castle of Eisenhausen, near Cologne, where a veiled lady dwelt for forty years, carefully secluded from the world, kept from the approach of all strangers, and guarded by an irritable warden who appeared never to quit her. The lady was said, by those who had chanced to see her features, to possess the physiognomy of the Bourbons, and was believed to be some princess of that family, condemned, like the "Man in the Iron Mask," to a life of perpetual sequestration. The lady died in 1857, and her guardian, who had treated her with deference, notwithstanding his choleric temper, had her buried under the borrowed name of *Sophie Bellet*, giving his own name as *Fanel de Versay*. When he died, in 1845, it was found that this was an assumed name, and that he was of a family of Amsterdam. But his heirs knew nothing of the lady, of whose very existence they had been kept ignorant until they learned the fact from the people of the neighborhood. Was she an heiress abducted from her family, a wife carried off from her husband? Or was she really, as the peasantry believed, a person whose existence was inconvenient in some high political sphere? The general belief asserted that she had left a fortune; but none appeared to claim it, if such were indeed the case. The strangers had taken possession of the Castle of Eishausen in 1806. The "Count," as he was styled, used to be seen at the windows, armed with a spy-glass, jealously watching whatever was being done in the village; if any one, even a child, was seen to be trespassing on the grounds of the Castle, he would rush out in a fury to drive him away. He was, nevertheless, very charitable, and relieved all cases of poverty and distress brought to his knowledge by the curate of the village, whom he never saw, but with whom he kept up a daily correspondence by letter, learning from the curate all the news of the day, domestic and foreign, and remitting to him large sums of money for the poor of the neighborhood. The servant who carried the Count's daily letter to the curate, always brought it back to his master as soon as it had been read, along with the curate's daily dispatch. The opinions expressed in the Count's letters were those of an adherent of the elder branch of the French Bourbons. It appears tolerably certain that he had served as an officer in the French army, and that he held the office of secretary to the Dutch Ambassador at Paris until 1779. But this inkling of his history is all that the most careful inquiry has succeeded in ascertaining about him. Many a very tolerable romance has been built upon a slighter foundation.

A history of the rise and progress of theatrical exhibitions, from the earliest attempts in that line until our own day, would afford so many interesting glimpses of the various social phases through which the so-called "civilized" peoples have come up to their present height of cleverness—too often, alas! misdirected in its action—that one wonders such a task has never been undertaken except in a very fragmentary way. The Baron de Gleichen, in his memoirs, gives an amusing account of the first "sacred comedy" witnessed by him in the theatre of Madrid, in the reign of Charles III. of Spain. The scene represented a market. Jesus Christ and the Virgin each kept a stall, endeavoring to attract buyers and to keep them from buying at the rival stalls of Death and Sin. The Saviour's stall was placed on the front of the stage, in the midst of his enemies, and was adorned with a pix, and the sacramental cup, by way of a sign, set round with gilded rays. Death and Sin used every artifice to entice customers to purchase their wares, while Jesus and his Mother recited the most eloquent homilies to show to the people the dangerous nature of the seductions employed by their rivals. But despite their eloquent appeals, they sold much less than Death and Sin, a result which gave rise at the end of the piece to a sort of quadrille, danced by them all, and expressing the insolent triumph of Death and the Sins, and the profound discouragement of the Virgin and her Son, who, however, presently produce a couple of whips, with which they fall upon their rivals, whose insolence they chastise soundly, and whom they ended by driving from the stage. On another occasion, the Baron was present at a performance called "The Trial of the Fandango," a trial which did not take place before a secular court, but before his Holiness Pius V. and his Cardinals, who, bewitched by the strains of a guitar which the lawyer of the fandango drawn from beneath his robe, quitted their seats, and fell to dancing, one after the other, to the great delight of the Madrilenes, more zealous, in those days, for the honor of their favorite dance, than careful for the dignity of the Pope. But the spectacle which seems the most to have diverted the Baron, was the sacred comedy called "The Annunciation." The Virgin was seen sitting on a stool beside a lighted charcoal bucket, on which is a seething pot. The angel Gabriel arrives on the stage, wrapped in a long cloak, and his hat drawn down over his eyes; he drops his cloak, pushes up his hat, and shows himself in the costume of a Spanish dandy of that day, with two angel's wings on his shoulders. Mary invites him to sit down by her, and offers him some chocolate from the pot. Gabriel politely declines; he is sorry he cannot accept her politeness, but he is engaged to dine with the Eternal Father. After many fine speeches on both sides, the Holy Ghost suddenly appears on the stage, offers his hand to the Virgin, and the three execute a fandango of the most animated description, which brings the piece to a termination, to the great satisfaction of all beholders.

QUANTUM.

"THE BALLAD OF THE SEVENTH."

[A visitor to the Seventh Regiment of New York, recently found them, according to the Phila. "*Press*," singing the following song:]

Come listen to my story, ye soldiers, one and all;
I'll tell you of the troubles that to us did befall;
For I'm one of many in your city's gallant band,
That has been at the mercy of the folks in Maryland.

We left the girls behind us one week ago to-day,
And from old New York harbor we sadly sailed away;
Our hearts were all behind us—our stomachs looked ahead,
And thought of pork and biscuit, on which they would be fed.

We sailed from Philadelphia, on next day afternoon,
And soon our hopes of glory went up in a balloon;
Our visions of all comfort were soon a perfect wreck—
Our roof it was the heavens—our couch it was the deck.

Ship-biscuit and tough hog-meat were rations for us all;
The quality was passable, the quantity was small;
The water cask it soon run short; we could not get a sup;
And all the boys aboard our craft did very soon *dry up*.

Annapolis we reached at last—'twas on a Monday night;
The boys, like Mose, of Bowery fame, were spiling for a fight;
And sulked, and tired, and hungry, they marched up to the Fort,
And thought that soldiering, after all, was not such easy sport.

We started next for Washington, and walked the country o'er;
Such a God forsaken country we ne'er had seen before;
We soon had reached the Junction, and felt such perfect bliss,
That we looked ahead to Washington, and cursed Annapolis

And now we are in Washington, upon Meridian Hill,
Adored by all the girls from the "Grounds" to Pierce's Mill,
And this you may rely upon, wherever we may be,
Our motto is "Our Country, our God, and Liberty."

NEWS ITEMS.

A COMPANY of volunteers at Germantown (Pa.) were recently sickened by drinking coffee, which had been boiled and allowed to stand in a large tin kettle, with a copper bottom; and it is supposed the water was poisoned from the copper.

THE Brahmins in India have been obliged to suspend the laws of caste until the present famine is over. This is a remarkable circumstance.

STRAWBERRIES are selling in Mobile at 25 cents a quart.

THE Governors of Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois and Wisconsin have agreed upon a plan, approved by the Government, for the defence of their frontier lines. The States are to act as a unit.

A UNITED STATES mail, it is believed, will be pushed through Baltimore in a few days. If the troops go through quietly the mails will follow.

A SPECIAL despatch to the Alexandria Gazette, dated Montgomery, May 7th, confirms the reported secession of Arkansas and Tennessee. Salutes were fired there in honor of these events.

FIFTEEN rifled cannon arrived recently at the Philadelphia Navy Yard. They are first class weapons of war, each one being worth a whole battery of the ordinary cannon. The purpose to which they are to be applied is not known.

THE witty Mr Sparrowgrass recently joined the "Home Guard," at Yonkers, New York, and said in a speech that "it is understood that the Home Guard is not to go to the wars, and not to leave Yonkers, *except in case of invasion.*"

THERE are 1,500 men in Fort Monroe, and 550 in Fort McHenry—if not a few more.

A PENNSYLVANIA Government agent reports that there are 25,000 Secession troops within a radius of 50 miles of Richmond, and about 15,000 in Tennessee and Kentucky, whose destination is supposed to be Cairo.

SEVERAL officers of the U. S. army, who had resigned, are applying to come back again. General Cameron answers No to all such applications.

THICK SOLED BOOTS vs. CONSUMPTION.—The town clerk of Newton, Massachusetts, in his report on the vital statistics of that town, says—"The number of deaths by consumption has usually been about one fourth of the whole; the past year but fourteen; a favorable change in the leading disease of New England." The favorable result of the change from thin to thick soles on the heels and shoes of our females, is already visible. Should the recent fashion of thin soles again be attempted, it is hoped the ladies of Newton will stand firm on their thick soles.

WHAT IS SAID BY REFUGEES FROM THE SOUTH.—We yesterday saw a lady who arrived in the morning from a village a short distance from Savannah, Georgia. She left her home simply because living was so high as to exceed her income, previously sufficient to maintain her in comfort, if not luxury.—She informs us that at the time she left, which was six days ago, the price of any but the coarser kinds of provisions was almost proscriptive. Upon a bill which she showed to us, the last one paid previous to her departure, we find butter at 80 cents a pound, sirloin 28 cents, ham 25 cents, eggs 75 cents a dozen, and other articles in proportion. The negroes cause a good deal of anxiety, and are watched with great scrutiny. The privileges formerly accorded to them are entirely withheld, and all their usual religious gatherings strictly interdicted. An act approximating toward rebellion is punished in a way that effectually prevents a repetition. The value of negroes has declined to fifty per cent. of their former value, and no sales are made except by sheriff upon execution, or administrators of estates.—*Philadelphia North American.*

WHITE HEAD.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

From the pleasant paths I used to tread,
Full many a mile away—
I dream of the rocks of old White Head,
And the billows of Casco Bay—
I sit once more on the Island beach,
Where the waves dash glad and high,
And hark again to their mystic speech,
As the murmurous ranks go by—
While, lying here on my tiresome bed,
I cheat the weary day,
By fondly picturing old White Head,
Mid the waters of Casco Bay.

Beyond it the laden ships go out,
Out into the open sea,
To battle with danger, and storm, and doubt,
And the ocean's treachery—
And the homeward vessels which long have sped
Through tempest, and spray, and foam,
Catch first a glimmer of old White Head,
And are sure they are almost home;
And many a homesick tear is shed
By wanderers miles away,
As memory whispers of old White Head,
And the islands of Casco Bay.

Ah, rarest mosses that ever were seen
Grow brightly on old White Head—
Orange, and russet, and emerald green,
Wide over the rocks are spread—
And when the sweet June sunlight shines,
The gossiping zephyr tells
Where ruby and golden columbines
Are swinging their myriad bells.
Ah, thus, as I lie on my tiresome bed,
I cheat the weary day
By summer pictures of old White Head,
And the billows of Casco Bay.

Did I forget? It is winter now
On the islands and old White Head,
The snow lies deep on the cliff's high brow,
And the lichens and blooms are dead—
Under the ice, with sob and sigh,
The prisoned billows heave;
And the clouds hang dark, and the sea-birds cry,
And the winds complain and grieve.—
Yet, lying here on my tiresome bed,
It cheers me to think alway
That the summer is shining on old White Head,
And the islands of Casco Bay.

—Portland Transcript.

LUCY HOPE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"Your soul was pure and true,
The good stars met in your horoscope,
Made you of spirit, fire and dew."
—Browning.

A charming young maiden was Lucy Hope, not pretty, as wax dolls are—you might analyze her face, and each separate feature, under critical scrutiny, would give in a contrary verdict—eyes of an ordinary gray, nose a little retrous-e, mouth—well, nobody ever got a cool look at that feature, or could guess what it might be like apart from the glamor of its sweet and cheery words. Beauty had hung out her colors elsewhere. A head of the noblest contour indicated the rich fulness of her nature, the small and delicately shaped ear told of gentle blood, as did also the slight and graceful figure, and the daintiest of hands and feet ever prompt to do the biddings of her buoyant spirit. One of a large family she was always her father's pet and lady bird. She had come to him as a birth day gift, at a happy time of his life, and in the glowing midsummer; and her greeting never omitted when the natal day came round, always flooded back upon his heart the sunshine in which she had made her advent. "Father, I'm four years old, how old are you?" chirrupped the prattling fairy as she climbed his knee and laid her cheek to his, and so on year after year until the blushes of womanhood mantled her cheeks, and playfully repeating the form of her childish salute, "Father, I am eighteen to-day, how old are you?" she placed in his hand her heart's secret, in the shape of a letter from one who had grown dearer to her than any father could be.

We know not what pang this may have cost him; good parents never mention trials that come in the order of nature. The simple and absorbing question is—"Will this youth have power to make my child happy?" And the rapid summary of facts that passed through Mr. Hope's mind suggesting probabilities for and against, we will present to the reader.

Richard Elliott was poor—that is he had nothing from his father, either in position or means. But that was a small thing to a self-made man like Mr. Hope, who had himself run a successful course with no ancestral aid except the priceless birthright of a stout heart and a strong hand. How rich was he in himself? Intelligence, energy, refined tastes, a good heart, glowing with such love of holy things as might be called natural religion, these were qualities to propitiate a parent. One little doubt only intruded—a doubt of his worldly success. Mr Hope had observed in the young man a taste for lavish expenditure, which is very pretty in romances, but very troublesome in real life. "So long as he could command the means, Lucy would have nothing denied her," mused the father, "but extravagance, extravagance is the mischief!"

Of course the young lady saw nothing wrong. Was not Richard Elliott the star of her circle, the life of every company, kind and gentle as she had not thought man could be, handsome and generous as a prince in a fairy tale? Did he did not deport himself with an elegance that captivated every one, and play the flute so deliciously that every maiden with a heart in her breast felt it flutter with prophetic tremors? Yes, he was all she could wish, and when she came to know that he had loved her from the first, that her image had mingled with his every hope of heaven, every thought of bliss on earth, that for her his singing had been so thrilled through with tenderness, she truly thought that never knight of the olden time had laid at the feet of his mistress so rich a heart.

Mr. Hope was one of those parents who have not forgotten their youth. Moreover he believed in marriages of love; and though he would have preferred a more brilliant match for his daughter, he could not bear to thwart Lucy's choice. He therefore assisted young Elliott to enter into business in London, from which he had himself retired some years before, and their engagement was announced.

The young man was not very successful. He made money, but alas, lost it too. For one so confiding and open handed the pitfalls of mercantile life are numerous. Several years passed without much accumulation of means, but it was decided, notwithstanding, with many misgivings on the part of Mr. Hope that the lovers should be united, and begin life together in a modest way.

Of course everybody was at the wedding. "The greatest happiness to the greatest number" was the maxim of bright Lucy Hope, and it would have been unnatural indeed to neglect at such a time any one of her troop of "sympathizing friends. Her dress was white silk, for satin would have been extravagant, and our little maiden was resolved to be quite economical. She had her own plans, you may be sure, of unparalleled household management. Father should see that riches were not necessary to her happiness.

So their married life began. An humble city home has many prosaic features, but here were spirits who might defy fate to make the world prosaic to them. Beauty glowed and gleamed about their path as naturally as birds and blossoms cluster in the warm sunshine. Their home was gay and bright at small cost. Good taste and neatness light up a dwelling more than the glitter of upholstery, and the purest luxuries are the cheapest. Lucy was passionately fond of flowers. It was pretty to see her absorbed in arranging her baskets and vases—her head on one side in a bird-like attitude, scrutinizing the effect of color and of form that her last touch had given; disposing all with the eye of a painter, and revelling with the soul of a poet in their beauty and fragrance.

The house they had taken was fortunate in a balcony open to the morning sun—the very place for Lucy's favorites! In a marvellously short time the pillars were overrun with roses and jessamine, which climbed to the top, and hung about in luxuriant masses. Whatever she most loved grew as if the sun and the rain had a special mission for them. Multitudes of pansies, like little fairy faces, dark bright and roguish, looked up at you from the choicest corners; the subtle sweetness of mignonette floated on the air; white lilies were grouped around a tiny fountain that Richard had himself constructed, and Lucy's canary, in his gilded cage hung amid a cloud of graceful vines, fluttered and chirped and sang to the tinkle of the falling water.

Here Lucy sat with her work, and here Richard stole in from his adjoining place of business for a few minute's chat, or reading, or the music of his flute, which seemed a part of himself—the very breathings of his heart, sad or gay, plaintive or merry with his changing mood.

Thus one happy year glided by, and the coming of a sweet baby girl, whom Lucy named Susan, for her beloved mother, made their cup of bliss run over.

But there is a shadow in every house—a skeleton at every mortal feast. What shape did theirs assume? Not doubt of each other's truth, or worth, or love—not unkindness, not ill temper, illness, caprice, evil spirits that sweep with more or less accompaniment of blackness and gloom over many a prosperous home, transforming married lovers into humdrum partners for life—from these ills they were free. Their heaven of love was as cloudless as when it first arched over them in its infinite bliss and promise. Whatever might be lacking in Richard Elliot's character, he had one gift in brilliant perfection—that of making a happy home. Rich or poor, it would have been the same. It was part of himself, an inalienable privilege of his nature. But the old persistent business troubles still dogged his footsteps. Fortune refused to smile upon him. Some speculations into which he had entered with the hope of speedily placing his Lucy in a position worthy of her, resulted disastrously, and his failure was the consequence. In this emergency he might have been tempted to use such means as are warranted by law to save himself at the expense of his creditors; but neither Lucy nor her father could countenance this. Such expedients had no place in their code of morals. Mr Hope was wont to make his own simple division of mankind into two classes—the bad, who enjoy while others suffer; and the good, who are willing to suffer that others may enjoy. His conscience as a Christian and his honor as a merchant combined to form a lofty ideal of integrity, and Lucy shared to the full his noble pride. Like many another tender spirit she had in reserve an unmeasured store of that stern stuff of which martyrs are made, and she was ready for sacrifice as the warhorse for battle. Every honest debt must be paid. They could want for such blessings as fortune has to give. They would still further simplify their manner of living. A small cottage in the suburbs was taken, and Lucy volunteered to be her own maid of all work, with such casual assistance as proved indispensable. You would have thought, to visit her, that she had all she wished, and everything her own way.

"Just look, father, how nicely our carpets fit!—the rooms being smaller we could turn them and take the best, and all looks new. And we have more sunshine coming in the windows, now that no neighbors' houses overshadow us; and, only think, father, a robin red-breast came hopping into our kitchen this morning, and picked up the crumbs from Susie's biscuit, and then, taking courage, hopped on her lap, and pecked the cake from her hand. How delighted baby was! And it made me feel as if we were really in the country."

"How many more advantages have you here?" asked Mr. Hope, smiling through his trouble.

"Oh, a great many. You know there was nothing like a tree where we lived in town. Here is a fine elm in front; its cool shadows flicker on the door-step, and the rustle of its leaves sounds so pleasantly through the open windows. And this little bit of ground"—leading him out into the yard—"will make such a charming garden—right under my window too, where the flower scents will come floating in as I sit sewing. Why the roses and honeysuckles will soon hang all about it and mount to my chamber window above, and when the coral honeysuckles blow, the humming-birds will come darting in and out,

"'Flattering among the jasmine stems
Like winged flowers or flying gems.'"

And with all this crowd of pleasant images her face shone till she looked like a piece of embodied sunshine.

"Don't you miss your piano?" asked her father, who had only been half a listener, preoccupied as he was with his own far different thoughts, but shrinking to intrude them upon the pleasant current of hers.

"Oh, no, I have not time for it now, you know, and how could I wish for anything more than Richard's flute? He kept that, and I can listen to it just as well while my fingers are busy. And, oh, father, you should have seen us the other evening when Julia Manning, and Caroline Grey, and all the rest of our set came to see us; they come still, you know, though I cannot spare time just now to return their visits. Think of all that troop crowding into this little bird's nest! But we never had a merrier time."

"A bird's nest truly, in size," said Mr. Hope, looking round at the tiny parlor and kitchen, the narrow entries, which a discontented spirit might have called poor closets, cramped up passages, and such like ugly names. "A bird's nest, indeed, and a pair of turtle-doves in it, I suppose, cooing to each other all day long!"

"To be sure," laughed Lucy, "what else would you have? And little birdie thrives so much better with only her mother's care. These child's nurses are such humbugs. Do you know she has never had a sign of croup since Jane went away? I do believe she was careless with her, though I gave her such strict injunctions."

"Lucy never can be poor," exclaimed Mr. Hope, in a tone of mingled pride and vexation, as he told his wife what had passed. "She will not realize poverty—will dress off the ugly thing with flower-wreaths, and soothe it with caresses—like Titania and Nick Bottom. Think of her in that poor little caboose of a house, washing dishes, tending baby, mending clothes—our Lucy! a lady born, if ever there was one. Does she for a moment fancy herself the poorer for all this? Not she. Her old friends, who live nicely and dress richly, may come and go without leaving a pang behind. It never enters her head that she is not richer than them all. *Perhaps* it would have been a pity to lose all this through a prosperous life. We should not have known how bright our jewel could shine if it were not plunged so deep into shadow."

Love in a cottage, young reader, is not a mere fiction of the romancers; but to verify it rare and sterling qualities are needed on both sides. Those who are not capable of finding pleasure in renunciation will surely fail, how great soever their love may be. A true life, whether prosperous or adverse, is no May day game, but an earnest battle, under the banner of the Cross. Lucy Elliott, with all her light hearted gaiety, was deeply and practically religious. Duty ruled her life. If a thing was right to be done, there was no question about doing it—only how to do it with the best grace; so the blessing that always waits upon a willing spirit turned her sacrifice into gladness, for "the Lord loveth a cheerful giver."

But though the spirit be ever so willing, the flesh may be weak. Her life of unwonted toil told upon Lucy's delicate constitution, and when she became the mother of a lovely boy, her health failed. Then Richard Elliott felt desperate. Further patience with his lot seemed to his excited mind little short of crime; and he resolved at once to leave his wife and children to the care of Mr. Hope, and seek a sudden fortune in the land of gold.

California was then in the first flush of its reputation—a very El Dorado to adventurous eyes; but it was also a wild, uncivilized place, bristling with perils to Lucy's tender thoughts, and it seemed more than she could bear to let him go. However, she acquiesced at length, with her usual heroism, in what seemed best. To love such as theirs parting brings a pang like death, but she strengthened her heart with prayers, and looked forward to a happy reunion, with the large faith of one whose soul's life is in eternity, not in time.

Years passed. He did not find gold and grow suddenly rich as many had done, but instead engaged in business, and was able to send home some thousands to Mr. Hope, pleasing himself as he did so with the proud light its receipt would bring to the eye of his gentle and spirited little wife. His letters indicated a change in his plans. He liked the country, and did not speak of returning, but rather of building up a home for his dear ones there. Lucy did not mention this to her father, knowing he would not hear of it. It is doubtful if Mr. Hope would ever have consented to give up his precious child from his own protecting care; but Lucy was spared the struggle of conflicting duties—the pain of opposition to that dear father whom she had never thwarted in her life. Five years after the departure of Richard Elliott, Mr. Hope died; and Lucy, when the first keen sorrow was over, could not but feel that her place now was with her husband. As soon as there was any hope that she would join him, he had bought a house near San Francisco, and proceeded, with the thought of Lucy's taste regulating every arrangement, to fit it up for a home where they could be happy together again.

Nothing short of the motive that impelled her could have nerved Lucy to such a journey. She had a constitutional dread of the sea; but that and every other scruple was overleaped at a bound. What was there she could not suffer and dare for him? With a solemn joy she made her preparations. The tears of her sisters, the clinging arms of her mother, were hard to leave, but she felt her way clear, and set out with a brave heart.

A journey to California was a much more uncertain and hazardous thing then, than it is with the improved facilities of the present day. A trusted friend of Richard Elliott, an experienced traveller, was at that time returning from England, and to him the expectant husband gave his dear ones in charge. The ship in which they started was clean and comfortable, and no storm or other misadventure occurred on the Atlantic side. Keenly alive to the beauty and sublimity of nature, there was much in the changing face of the sea for Lucy to enjoy. When the sunset glory streamed across the water, she loved to muse alone upon that picture ever in her heart—the joyful meeting, adding tint after tint, till it was bright as reality. Leaning over the vessel's side, she hummed to herself an old Scotch song—

"Gie little Kate her cotton gown,
And Jock his Sunday claes,
And mak' their shoon as black as slaes,
Their hose as white as snaw;
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he's been long awa."

She fancied land in sight, and every little detail of preparation—the donning of Susie's most becoming dress—one chosen especially to meet her father's eye, the pride with which she would present the noble and beautiful boy whom he had left an infant. But man proposes, and God disposes!

Arrived at Panama, they crossed the Isthmus mounted on mules. This was amusing to the children, and to Lucy a new and vivid pleasure. The splendors of tropical vegetation dazzled her eye, and set her imagination all aglow.

They embarked on the Pacific side, and now she felt rapidly nearing her beloved. With jubilant spirit she sang out the ringing, triumphant notes of a favorite old song—

"Make way for Anne of Lochroyan,
She seeks Lord Gregory!"

But alas! an evil all unlooked for darkened over them. The ship was not what had been stipulated for. It was out of repair, dirty, unwholesome, absolutely pestilential. Gradually they came to feel it a loathsome prison—the air was noisome, and there was no escape. With anxious, foreboding eyes, Lucy watched her children, dreading to see them fade and sink into her now helpless arms. Never had time dragged on so wearily. It was a longer passage than was usual, but all had borne up against the evil influences around them, until, one week from the time they expected to reach port, the little Richard sickened. Instead of bounding from his pillow with his usual boyish exuberance of spirits, he lay there panting, flushed, his eyes bright with fever. The mother was still with apprehension. Fever in such a place! What could she do for a sick child in the absence of all she had been used to call comfort? Her husband's friend, Mr. Brown, was unwearied in his cares. Every day he carried the boy to the vessel's side, and held him there, where the pure ocean breezes blew cool over his brow. That was the most that could be done. "Water! water!" was his continual feeble wail, but the best the ship afforded was nauseous to him. Oh, for a draught from some forest spring, bubbling pure from the clean sand, dipped up in a leaf, and half trickling over your fingers, so deliciously cold! Such a vision from the memories of her childhood flashed across Lucy's brain again and again with tantalizing clearness through her anguished watches. She longed with a passionate longing for the sweet, leafy land. She prayed as did Hagar in the wilderness; for it seemed that her boy must die—the fever-taint had struck deep. It swept on relentlessly its desolating course, but little stayed by the medicines she gave, and daily the tender frame grew weaker.—Her beautiful boy, on whose white brow she had pressed so many absent kisses, smoothing back the bright curls, and thinking softly of his father! That father was now so near—could it be that death was nearer?

Land was announced, and her heart gave a great bound to hear it. It might not yet be too late! The ship swept into the beautiful bay of San Francisco. Slowly, slowly, to her leaping pulses, it neared the port. In the first boat that came up was Richard Elliott. He sprang on board, strong, joyous, with radiant, eager face. Lucy uttered a thrilling cry of mingled joy and grief, and when she felt her husband's arms around her sobbed there broken heartedly, weak as an infant. Little Susie softly whispered, "Brother is very sick." Tenderly the father bore his suffering, unconscious child to the carriage in waiting, and they were driven home. Home, that sweetest of all words! Lucy felt like one who has reached heaven through the valley of the shadow of death. Hope sprang up in her heart. The Mercy that had granted so much would surely bless them further. With thankfulness such as she had never thought to feel for simple blessings, she stood beside her boy and smoothed the pillows of the soft white bed where his father's hand had placed him. Every smallest comfort had been arranged for them as with a woman's thoughtful care. "No other man could have done it," thought the proud little wife, with a glow at her heart.

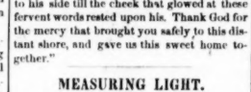
The best medical advice was speedily procured, but that was nothing in comparison to the healthful influences around him, which acted on his drooping frame like a magic elixir of life. From the moment of leaving that pest-ship the destroying hand was stayed. He opened his eyes from that long sleep of unconsciousness intelligently, but with wide wonder at the strange face bending over him. "Darling, it is papa!" murmured the happy mother. A glad smile broke over the boy's wasted features, and he tried feebly to lift his arms for a caress. The papa of whom he had heard so much, whom they had crossed the wide seas to find, was no stranger!

Perhaps there is no time in life of more assured quiet happiness than the convalescence of one beloved. The near shadow of a great danger deepens the sense of present peace and safety; and every simple pleasure the patient grows able to enjoy seems to all who love him a new-created source of gladness. It was soft summer air that came in the open windows, blue summer skies with their fleecy white clouds that bent above the lovely hills around; summer weather in the garden below, ripening the strawberries, and glowing in the heart of the roses. Fruit is Nature's great restorative from fever, and never was fruit more delicious than the red, ripe, melting strawberries daily placed before the little Richard by his father. The boy wondered at their size, their rich color, their exceeding sweetness. "Don't you know," cried little Susie, "that everything in California is bigger and brighter and sweeter than anywhere else?" She had been kept in a perpetual excitement and ecstacy at the size of the potatoes, the beauty and fragrance of the strange flowers, the height of the snow-capped mountains—it was all a new world, and like a new creature she revelled in it.

The sun was setting, and Richard Elliott drew his wife to the window. They stood in the silence, watching the rosy and golden glories that flooded the mountain tops, the purple shadows deepening in the valley. "Thank God for the mountains!" murmured Lucy softly—"I always loved them so, and now they will be ever before me—a blessing of the Lord new every morning." "And thank God for my Lucy," added her husband, pressing her closer to his side till the cheek that glowed at these fervent words rested upon his. Thank God for the mercy that brought you safely to this distant shore, and gave us this sweet home together."

MEASURING LIGHT.

In our gas works a standard quality of gas is fixed upon by the directors, and then it is the duty of the engineer to so mix his coals as to produce gas of this quality. In order that the quality of the gas may be readily determined, a most ingenious little apparatus has been devised by which the quantity of light emitted from the gas-burner may be measured in comparison with the light of a candle burning a certain amount of spermaceti per hour. This apparatus is illustrated in the annexed cut. It consists of a graduated bar



with the gas jet at one end and the candle at the other, and a peculiar disk fitted to slide along the bar between the two lights. The central portion of the disk is oiled so as to be translucent, while the outer portion is opaque. Thus a portion of the light coming from the candle is transmitted through the oiled portion of the disk, while the light which strikes the opaque portion is reflected. The same is the case with the light from the burner. By slipping the disk along the bar, a point is found where the light transmitted from each side is just equal to that reflected from the other, and the difference in the appearance of the two portions of the disk appears, showing that at this point the light received from the burner is just equal to that received from the candle. As the graduated bar gives the distances of the disk from the candle and from the burner, and as light radiating from a burning body diminishes in proportion to the square of the distance, it is easy to calculate the quantity of light coming from the burner in proportion to that produced by the candle.

Nothing can exceed in delicacy and care these measurements of light as conducted in the beautiful laboratories of our large city gas works. The apparatus is placed in a perfectly dark room with black walls, the candle is nicely balanced in sensitive scales with fine sand, and after it has burned the measured length of time, it is extinguished, when the quantity of spermaceti consumed is accurately ascertained. The standard candle burns 120 grains of spermaceti per hour, and the standard gas-burner is a five feet Argand burner, with 15 holes 1-23 of an inch in diameter, and a 7-inch chimney.—*Scientific American.*

DECAY OF STONE USED IN THE ERECTION OF the New Houses of Parliament in England.

When a man builds a house, he does not give himself much thought as to the durability of the bricks or stone employed as the building material. Why should he? It must be a very sorry kind of brick or stone to crumble away in his time, or in his children's time; moreover, should it be detected crumbling away, the walls may be stuccoed, painted, and plastered with one of the numerous materials known to builders as "compo."—The decay of large public edifices is a far more serious matter. Take the New Houses of Parliament, for example, and reflect upon their case. What the cost of that beautiful edifice, I dare not say—almost too much to think about; its walls were warranted to last forever—something to make poor overtaxed John Bull groan aloud, if it is, as we are told, rapidly falling to pieces. Let us pass building materials generally under review, and see whether their component parts will justify the character for long wearing which people have given them. Wood is a building material concerning which we will not say much; it is not expected to be very durable, and now-a-days is never used for the building of edifices intended to have much permanence. Nevertheless, many sorts of wood there are, that will outlive many sorts of stone. In Spain, to this day, panellings and doorways, and other woodwork, may be seen, with all the delicate tracery of arabesque carving upon them, as perfect as when they were executed by the Moors. These wood carvings have never been painted nor otherwise prepared; their long duration is solely attributable to the lovely climate. Of wooden houses this may be said: they give promise of but little durability, but oftentimes last better than they promised. Chasing bricks of all sorts and species together, and stones of all sorts and species together—then unquestionably bricks are longer lived than stones. One would not think it, but thus it is; bricks, in point of fact, are a sort of rough pottery-ware, and pottery-ware is even more indestructible than glass. Every now and then travellers unearth the bricks of Babylon and Nineveh, and very well made bricks, too, they are—better, in many respects, than our own brickx. This is setting time at defiance, indeed. Very few stones similarly circumstanced would have been equally imperishable. The stone-work of the Egyptian Pyramids bears more than traces of the biting tooth of time. Assyrian bricks are still perfect. Banishing all thoughts of ornament, and caring only for long duration, probably we in this country, where fuel and brick materials are both plentiful, would have no inducement to build a national monument of stone; but good looks being in question, the case is quite altered. Assuredly, we have ugly brick edifices enough and to spare; one does not want more of them. Fancy the vast proportions of the New Houses of Parliament in all the vulgarity of ruddy brick! Stone architects must have; and as some stones decay much faster than others, let us see if chemistry will not throw some light upon the conditions of decay and duration. Though the varieties of stone are many to the eye, nevertheless the materials of which they are composed, almost without exception, are few. Limestone, flint, alumina, magnesia and iron rust—these are the chief materials which make up the composition of stone. White marble is pure limestone, and in certain climates white marble as a building material stands perfectly well. Not here, however, does it stand well, and, indeed, a similar remark applies to every variety of marble.—Flint is, perhaps, the most durable of all stone materials; but unfortunately flint does not exist in large masses. It cannot be got out of quarries like other stone; and if otherwise, there would be no possibility of sawing and carving it. No; practically speaking flint cannot be termed a building material, though the walls of certain ancient churches have been built of it. Granite seems to ordinary eyes the very type and emblem of long duration, but the chemist knows better. If a lump of granite be attentively looked at, its substance will be seen to consist of three different materials: one material glistens, diamond-like, to the eye, a second material shines with a subdued, moon-like light, and the third is opaque and dull. Such are the constituents of granite to the eye, and they are respectively called quartz, mica, and feldspar. Now feldspar consists of soda, mingled with the materials of clay; so that when, by the operation of water, acted through many years, the soda of feldspar is washed away, clay remains. Granite, therefore, is far from being so durable as persons generally suppose. Much, very much, of the china clay now used for the making of crockery ware is got from granite rocks which have sunk into rottenness under the wasting touch of time. Nevertheless, close-grained granites last very well, as many ancient buildings and sculptured monuments of this material testify. Witness the Egyptian sphinxes in the British Museum, for example. By far the greater number of samples of building stone quarried in Great Britain, and available to British architects, are made up of limestone and mingled with the matter of clay and iron rust, and sometimes, as in the stone of which the Houses of Parliament are built, magnesia as well. If the grain be close—in other words, if crystallization have taken place—then the presence of magnesia does not seem to affect the durability of stone. If, however, there be no crystallization—if the stone be what geologists call "amorphous"—then it dissolves rather than crumbles away, and in the following curious manner. The air of towns wherever pit coal is burned, and pit coal gas consumed, holds oil of vitriol more or less, and other corrosive acids. Now, if oil of vitriol touch limestone, it affects the limestone indeed, but not as regards the qualities of a building stone—very injuriously. Limestone is a solid, and limestone upon which oil of vitriol has acted, is also a solid; not the more solid for the action, indeed, but still coherent, and, what is important, not altered as to color.—But magnesia acted on by oil of vitriol becomes—what, think you? *Why, Epsom salt.* Few of us, I fear, there are who have not had some practical acquaintance with Epsom salt, and do not know that it rapidly dissolves in water. Similarly does it dissolve out of building stone containing it, and this is the whole explanation of the melting away of the Houses of Parliament. Among the various means suggested for arresting this decay, the soluble glass process seems to be looked upon with most favor. If flint-stones be put into a steam boiler, and boiled with alkali under pressure, they dissolve, yielding a material that we may call—nay, that is by chemists called—"soluble glass." This soluble glass is the material wherewith it is now proposed to coat the Houses of Parliament.—*Cassell's London Paper.*

ORDER.—Never leave things lying about—a shawl here, a pair of slippers there, and a bonnet somewhere else, trusting to a servant to set things to rights. No matter how many servants you have, it is a miserable habit, and if its source is not in the intellectual and moral character, it will inevitably terminate there. If you have used the dipper, towel, tumbler, etc., put them back in their places, and you will know where to find them when you want them again. Or if you set an example of carelessness, do not blame your servants for following it. Children should be taught to put things back in their places as soon as they are old enough to use them; and if each member of the family were to observe this simple rule, the house would never get much out of order, and a large amount of vexation and useless labor would be avoided.

CHRISTIAN, THE DOL-HERTZOG.

(So Called From His Furious Behaviour.)

AN INCIDENT OF 1660.

Christian, Duke of Brunswick, and Bishop of Halberstadt,
For a token of love, wore a lady's glove, in the loop of his riding-hat.
For he had seen the Bohemian Queen in England; and, they say,
In the sole soft part of his rock-rough heart, slept the memory of that day.
For Christian, the Dol-Hertzog, was half a brute at the best,
With but little space for a lady's face to lie and be loved in his breast.
Yet he may have loved well, for he hated well (tho' he showed his hate like a beast,
With tooth and claw), and the thing of things that he hated most was a priest.
He mauld'd the monk, and flay'd the friar, nor left the abbot a rag,
And "Gottes Freund, and Pfaffers Freind" was the boast on his battle flag.
Yet he worshipt God in his own wild way—as a beast might worship too—
Simply by thoroughly doing the work which God had set him to do:
With never a "Pater noster" said, never a candle burned,
And never a "plenl gratia," for any good gift returned.
Worship no better than any beast's: yet with reverence, too, to spare,
Of its own dumb kind, in the silent mind, for what God made gentle and fair.
At least, from one touch I argue as much in this wild man of Halberstadt,
Since, for token of love, a pure lady's glove he wore in his riding hat.

Christian, the Dol-Hertzog, came riding to Paderborn;
And his men were dropping for lack of bread, and his horses for lack of corn.
Not a crown-piece in the coffer, either bread or corn to buy!
"What shall we do, Duke Christian?" "Anything, Friends, but die!"
"The Saints us save," saith some one, "for we are weary and faint."
"'Sdeath! and so they shall, good fellows! Who is the Paderborn Saint?"
"The Paderborn Saint is the Saint Liboire; and his image stands by itself
As large as life in the church, all cover'd with jewels and pelf."
"The Saint Liboire is a saint of saints, for he to our pious wishes
Shall accord a final miracle, in the way of the loaves and fishes!
Faith! since he hath jewels, and since he hath pelf, he shall buy us both bread and corn,
And if ever I swear by a saint, it shall be by the Saint of Paderborn."

Christian, the Dol-Hertzog, rode on into Munster town,
There, in the great Cathedral (greater for their renown!)
Carven in silver, and cover'd with gold (truly a glorious band!)
Round the altar, all in a row, the Twelve Apostles stand.
Christian, the Dol-Hertzog, call'd his captains of war—
"We will visit those Twelve Apostles, and see how their worships are,"
Then they all went clanking together (godless knaves as they were)
Over the sacred flintstones, up to the altar stair:
Never a "De profundis" was heard, never an anthem sung,
But where, thro' great glooms, 'twixt the solemn tombs, those iron footsteps rung,
Each priest, like a ghost, from that grizzly host, patter'd off o'er the pavement stone,
And the iron men and the silver saints stood face to face and alone.
To that Sacred Dozen, thro' a silence frozen, strode the wild man of Halberstadt,
As when Brennus the Gaul stalkt into the hall where the Roman senators sat.
The Duke loved little speaking; but he made, that day, a speech
To those Twelve Apostles, as pregnant as any the preacher can preach;
For, "You twelve Apostles," said he, "for many a year and a day
How is it that you have dared your Master to disobey—
Who bade you 'ite per orbem,' go about in the world where ye can,
From city to city for ever, succoring every man?
But you, yet unmoved by the mandate, you slothful and rascally crew,
Stand there stock-still, letting others be stript to give succor to you.
Therefore, about your business! down instantly all, and disperse!
Comfort the needy! circulate freely! profit the universe!
The better to serve which purpose, divinely ordain'd from of old,
I hereby will and command both ye and your ill-gotten gold
To assume the shape of Rix-thalers!"

The Apostles had nothing to say,
As it seems, in defence of themselves. They at least were obliged to obey.
At dawn they were down from their niches; ere night on their mission they sped;
And the broken were bound up and heal'd, and the hungry were speedily fed.

This way Duke Christian affirm'd, little heeding Apostles or Priests,
That the first great need of man is—to feed——after the fashion of beasts!
That man's business is, chiefly, *to live*; the rest being God's, who contrives
(So fancied Duke Christian, at least) uses enough for men's lives.
But, since even the beasts must work, Duke Christian thought (I suspect)
If Apostles are made to work also, Apostles must not object.

A "DROWNED" COAL FIELD.—There is a coal-field east of Newcastle, measuring thirty square miles, the whole of which is, in mining language, "drowned." Water has been permitted to accumulate till there is a lake 100 fathoms deep underground. At a meeting held at Newcastle, it was proposed, as a means of getting again at the coal, to drain a district of 22,000 acres, bounded by the main dyke on the north, the sea on the east, and the town of Newcastle on the west, by placing draining engines at Jarrow, Howden, and other places in the district, to intercept the feeders. The sum required to carry out the proposed scheme is £60,000, and the barriers of coal which are now left in the high main seam only are said to be worth more than double that sum.

THE RULING PASSION.

OR, STRUGGLE AND TRIUMPH.

(CONCLUDED.)

BY EDWINA BURBURY,

AUTHOR OF "FLORENCE SACKVILLE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXX.

Three weeks passed away—weeks of weakness and suffering to the unhappy wife—almost of madness to the deluded husband. Sadly and heavily, weighed down by a presentiment of impending calamity, the Duke of Carlisle one morning left his own room, and went down to his cousin Gresham's chamber. But the Colonel was not there; and going further in search of him, the Duke entered the drawing-room, and was passing thence to the boudoir, when the sound of smothered voices within that room arrested his footsteps.

He paused involuntarily for a moment, more to ascertain if one of the speakers was the man he sought than to hear what was said; but in that brief space he heard sufficient to chain him to the spot, and to make him feel that, come what might, he must hear more.

The first sentences were indistinct—the next clear and plain enough.

"Ah!" said the man; "my mind is at rest now that I know Conyers is really out of England. Somehow, I have always had misgivings that he would turn up at an awkward moment, and upset our little arrangements. How, after that scene here, in which he figured so dramatically, he continued to keep away, sensitive as he is, I cannot imagine."

"Oh! my letters made him do that!"

"Your letters!"

"Ay." And Julia (of course you guess, dear reader, she was the second speaker, as Gresham was the first) laughed sneeringly. "I wrote to him, in her name, begging he would not attempt to see her, as it would utterly ruin her with the Duke; and when he replied, asking some token that the letter came indeed from her, I received it, and sent back that locket containing her mother's hair, which Beatrice always wore, and which, since she has recovered her senses, she has asked for so often."

"Capital! You are a very Queen of Plotters! No one else could have played this difficult game successfully but you. You wrote those letters to the Duke, too, I suppose?"

"Yes, I can write a man's hand to perfection. A jealous man, when he is no better than he should be himself, would believe wrong of an angel. But, oh! what a dotard the Duke is to—"

A fearful groan in the outer room interrupted the speaker; and while she and her companion in guilt gazed terror stricken into each other's face, the groan was repeated, and instantly after, the sound of a heavy body falling to the ground caused them to spring in horror from their seats.

"What is that? Merciful Heaven! what is that?" cried Julia, at length recovering her self-possession; and rushing forward, closely followed by Gresham, she pushed open the folding doors into the drawing-room.

There, prone on the floor, at her very feet —so near that the next step must have been on his very hair—lay the Duke of Carlisle.

"What has he heard?—what does he know?" were the first thoughts which flashed through the minds of the conspirators; and the abject fear of what he might say, what he might reveal, when consciousness returned, prevented their summoning assistance until they had made every effort to restore him. This, however, they soon found beyond their power; and then, her face blanched with alarm—not for herself—Julia Shirley rang loudly for the servants.

These soon hurried in from all parts of the house, and, although not without difficulty, succeeded in lifting their master from the floor, and laying him, all stiff and rigid as he was, upon one of the gorgeous sofas that stood by. Then when so much was done, they drew back with horror-stricken faces, gazing from the drawn, senseless countenance before them, into each other's eyes.

At last the spell which seemed to hold them speechless was broken, and one of the women cried,

"The doctor—who's been for the doctor?"

Then a dozen clamorous voices took up the cry, until the hitherto silent chamber echoed with it, and as many eager questioners parted hurriedly in quest.

In a shorter time than could have been hoped, one messenger returned with Sir James Leslie, the family physician, who instantly followed the summoner, and went up at once to the room where the Duke lay motionless, and breathing hard and painfully.

"A sad affair, this," said Sir James, at length lifting his head, after a careful examination of his patient. "What has been the matter—what brought it on?"

"I have not the slightest idea," replied Gresham. "I was talking to Miss Shirley in the boudoir, and hearing a heavy fall, ran out and found the Duke on the ground. With the help of the servants I got him to the sofa, and he has remained ever since as you see. But what is the attack?"

"Paralysis, and in its worst form."

"Good heaven, then he is in danger?"

"In the greatest. He may rally, but more probably will be released from suffering before morning."

"How fearful! What can be done?"

"Nothing more than I shall do directly. Be so good as to have this prescription made up instantly, and I should like his Grace removed to bed at once. Does the Duchess know of this?"

"No."

"She ought to do so immediately. It will be an awful shock, but I fear that she cannot be spared it. I dare not take upon myself the responsibility of keeping her in ignorance. Will you tell her, Colonel Gresham?"

But to this proposal the heir-at-law demurred, as well he might, and Sir James said, kindly,

"Well, I will spare you the task; it will be a painful one. As soon, therefore, as the Duke is in bed, I will go to his wife, and break the sad news to her as gently as I can."

"Thank you. I confess I dare not do it. But is it absolutely necessary? She is so weak!"

"Quite. He may recover the use of his faculties before death, and then surely she would wish to be with him."

"You think he will die?"

"I fear so. My own impression is that he will not see to-morrow's dawn."

A shuddering awe fell upon the listeners, and a strange, voiceless horror, that was less remorse for the past than dread of the future, seized upon Julia and her base confederate.

Meantime, while they stood white and speechless, gazing upon the first fruits of their work, their victim was borne slowly away to his resting-place—the last resting-place save one, he could ever know on earth.

Then, when all that he could do was over, Sir James went to perform the mournful duty he had taken upon himself.

Not as many would have done, with passionate cries and tears, did poor Beatrice listen to the terrible recital. No, her grief was too deep for the relief of tears; and for a long time she sat like a marble figure of woe, hearing, but answering nothing, until at last, some little word, I know not what, of the good physician touched the hidden spring; and the healing shower, which had been so long denied, sprang forth. At length, almost exhausted by emotion, she turned to him, saying,

"Oh, will he never recover his senses—never be able to speak to me any more?"

"I hope so; but attacks of this kind are always uncertain in their course. Everything our poor skill can suggest, to aid the efforts which nature makes, shall, of course, be done; and I do trust that his Grace may have both reason and speech restored for a time."

The poor young wife wrung her hands.

"Then take me to him at once. I must be there when he comes to his senses. I am sure he will know me."

"Undoubtedly; but—"

"Do not refuse me. I will be so calm, so quiet; but I must see him, must hear him speak, and say that he forgives me—that he knows at last I am innocent."

"He could never doubt it."

"Ah, you know not what I mean—what horrible treachery has been at work, and raised up a bar between us—"

"No, no! But never mind all that now, dear lady—you must forget everything, if you desire to be with your husband. Compose yourself, or how can your presence comfort him? Remember, too, how ill you have been, and how necessary it is that you should avoid all excitement."

"I do remember it; and I will be as composed as ever you can wish, *if you will let* me go to him."

"Presently, then."

"This moment: there must be no delay. We have much to say to each other, and not a chance of his saying and hearing it must be lost. Oh, Sir James," she cried, in agony, "do not look at me as if you thought I was delirious again! I know what I say, and I must do it; nor must you, for your soul's happiness, interfere to prevent me. I must see my husband, and *at once*." And, regardless of all expostulations, Beatrice caught Sir James's arm, and hurried from the room.

The sick chamber was soon reached; and the first eager, fearful glance showed to the helpless wife the pale, insensible form of her husband, lying in the cramped, unnatural position which had been described to her.

For a moment she paused in awe and perplexity; then, withdrawing her arm from her companion's, with lightest, softest touch, she arranged the clothes, raising them in one place, depressing them in another, until all were satisfactory; and then she knelt down by his side, and, with her eyes steadily fixed upon the altered face, prayed silently and fervently.

Sir James, knowing how useless his presence was, retired upon the arrival of an equally clever, although less celebrated man, whose time being less occupied, could devote the night to one patient, promising to return in the morning; and the servants and Miss Shirley having likewise withdrawn, the dying man and his wife were left alone. For Beatrice had resisted all attempts to remove her, and still occupied the same place she had taken at first, her soul lifted up to heaven in earnest affliction, and her gaze still riveted upon her husband's face.

At length her watch was rewarded, her prayers answered, and the closed lids, upon which her own eyes were so anxiously bent, slowly opened, and a clear, perfectly rational expression shone in their depths.

With rapturous gratitude the young wife bent forward, saying, very gently,

"Lionel—dear Lionel, do you know me?"

He smiled faintly, and his lips quivered. But oh, horror of horrors! his powers of speech were paralyzed.

For an instant Beatrice knew not that her husband's silence was compulsory—that he *could* not speak, and she continued, earnestly—

"Why do you not answer me? Surely—surely, you do not still believe me guilty? Oh, hear me—listen, while I swear, at this solemn, terrible hour, that I am innocent! Do you not believe me?"

He strove to speak, but in vain; there was nothing but a hoarse, inarticulate noise, and thick foam issuing from his lips.

She saw now what was the matter, and cried, in bitter agony—

"Oh, Lionel, if you cannot speak, tell me by a look that you believe me innocent!"

He smiled up at her. There could be no doubt *now*, and with fervent thankfulness, she exclaimed—

"You do believe me—I see you do! And now, Lionel, our child—our boy—you will love him?"

Large tears rose and fell like rain drops from the only member of that rigid body which was now under control, and Beatrice exclaimed—

"Lionel, do you weep? Are those tears for us, and for him, our babe? Ah, let me thank heaven for that! And now," she continued, in a broken voice, "will you pardon me as I can pardon you? I have wronged you in my thoughts much and often. Many, many times, chilled, repulsed by your manner and suspicions, I have rebelled against the ties which bound me, and longed to be free; but now, oh, Lionel, could this terrible thing pass away, and your life be spared, we might—we should be happy, for you know that I am guiltless, although I know not how you have discovered it. Perchance your soul is so near heaven that the angels have whispered it—and you would love and trust me again, would you not? Yes, yes, I see you would. Then, oh, bless and pardon me ere you die!"

A strange, ineffable light, such as she had never seen before, beamed like a glory from the sufferer's eyes, and both knew that from that moment all was perfect peace between them.

But at this crisis, Gresham, who had lingered in the room unobserved by either, and could not longer endure this heart-rending scene, strove to escape, and might have succeeded in doing so, had he not accidentally thrown down a little table, and, attracted by the noise, both husband and wife looked up and saw him.

The Duke's eyes flashed suddenly into a red glare, and what love could not do, hatred instantly effected. The dying man rose in his bed, the bondage of his speech was loosened, and he cried aloud—

"Villain! wretch! traitor!"

He could say no more; his eyes closed, his lips moved senselessly, and he fell back once again upon the pillow. With a wail of agony, Beatrice sprang to his aid.

A lethargy, deeper, more profound than before crept over him, and his ears were closed to all earthly sounds. Presently he opened his eyes, and smiled upon her once more, but the power of speech was again gone. After a little, his head grew heavier and heavier on her arm, until at last it lay there, a leaden, intolerable weight, the head of a corpse.

And the infant of three weeks old was now Duke of Carlisle!

CHAPTER XXXI.

The funeral was over—Beatrice was alone in her boudoir, the hitherto closed shutters of which were now unfolded again: and the casement was open likewise. No—she was not altogether alone; for near her, on the sofa, sweetly slumbering, lay the babe that was so precious and so well-beloved.

A sharp knock at the door, and ere Beatrice could reply, it opened, and Julia Shirley entered, hastily—her eyes wild and starting, her hair hanging in long dishevelled tresses, her face hideously white and distorted, and her fingers restlessly interlacing each other. She advanced to Beatrice with rapid steps, and stopping abruptly before her, said, in quick, strange, jerking tones,

"Cousin, forgive me! I have wronged, deceived, injured you, more than you know or ever may know—and yet I pray you to forgive me!"

"Willingly, joyfully!"—and the generous, noble-hearted girl bent forward to kiss her, while the other retreated a step, saying,

"Oh, no, no! I cannot bear that! It would be coals of fire, indeed! Forgive me, if you can—but, oh, do not crush me!"

"Heaven forbid! I would love you dearly, if only you would let me."

"Impossible!—impossible! And yet, if I could have believed you *could* forgive, all might have been different. But now it is too late—too late!" and even as she spoke, a sharp convulsion passed over her face, her hands worked fearfully, and uttering a sharp cry of agony, the wretched girl fell writhing on the floor. Calling for help with a terrible foreboding as to the result, Beatrice threw herself on her knees beside her, and, lifting up the tortured head, rested it tenderly upon her breast, striving to soothe and comfort the anguished mind and body of the miserable sufferer. But all her efforts were in vain. Convulsion succeeded convulsion, with scarcely an interval of rest. Nor was it for many minutes that Julia appeared conscious of the caresses and assistance lavished upon her. Then, during a short cessation of spasm, she opened her eyes, and fixing them upon those of Beatrice, from which tears were falling like rain, murmured,

"Farewell, Beatrice! May God bless you as you deserve! *I have sought my own death!* I could not live without his love; and now that I am dying—"

"No, no—do not say so! You are *not* dying—only ill from excitement! The physician will soon be here, and give you something to ease this pain. Only try to keep up your spirits, love, till he comes, and then you will be well."

"Never, on earth. Ha! it comes again!" And she started forward, her eyes glaring, her teeth clenched, and the foam of strong agony gathering round, and oozing from her mouth.

For a much longer time than one could believe it possible for human nature to endure such tortures, the paroxysm lasted; until, just as the physician entered the room, the hapless victim of her own reckless passions gave one bitter, heartrending cry to Heaven for pardon and mercy, and fell back, almost at the physician's feet, a corpse!

Then, dumb with unutterable awe and horror, they straightened her long, glossy hair, closed the staring eyes, covered the distorted face, and carried the miserable victim of her own reckless, ungoverned passions to her room.

Three days later, they buried her, sadly, in a lone London churchyard, amid the tall, dark houses, and damp, unwholesome streets, where the sun seldom shone, and the air was heavy with the breath of poverty and sin; and yet, wretched as was the shelter, they were grateful for the concession which bestowed it, and thus preserved the body of the self-slain from the penalty of her crime.

As for Colonel Gresham, ruined in his hopes of the Duke's fortune, and with a dreadful load of guilt upon his soul, he sank deeper and deeper into dissipation and vice, and died before many years in poverty and disgrace.

* * * * * *

And now, dear reader, that you and I must shake hands and part, what more can I tell you of the fate of those to whose history you have so patiently listened? If I say that, two years after the events just related, Beatrice gave her hand to him who had long since possessed her heart; that George made a "model husband;" that the little Duke idolized his step-father almost as much as a fair half-sister whom he claimed from nurse and mother as his "very own" property; will it be more than you know, or, at any rate, expect? I think not. What else, then, have I to say? Nothing, but to bid you, heartily and kindly, farewell, and to remind you that "the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong;" that the too great indulgence of *any* "RULING PASSION" is dangerous, and often fatal; for that, although life is one long STRUGGLE from the cradle to the grave, it is not always might, but far oftener right, which TRIUMPHS.

THE END.

THE PROPER DIET FOR CHILDREN.

FROM "EDUCATION," BY HERBERT SPENCER.

The relatively greater need of nutriment for children being admitted, as it must perforce be, the question that remains is—shall we meet it by giving an excessive quantity of what may be called dilute food, or a more moderate quantity of concentrated food?—The nutriment obtainable from a given weight of meat is obtainable only from a larger weight of bread, or from a still larger weight of potatoes, and so on. To fulfil the requirement, the quantity must be increased as the nutritiveness is diminished. Shall we, then, respond to the extra wants of the growing child by giving an adequate quantity of food as good as that of adults? Or, regardless of the fact that its stomach has to dispose of a relatively larger quantity even of this good food, shall we further tax it by giving an inferior food in still greater quantity?

The answer is tolerably obvious. The more the labor of digestion can be economized, the more energy is left for the purposes of growth and action. The functions of the stomach and intestines cannot be performed without a large supply of blood and nervous power; and in the comparative lassitude that follows a hearty meal, every adult has proof that this supply of blood and nervous power is at the expense of the system at large. If the requisite nutriment is furnished by a great quantity of innutritious food, more work is entailed on the viscera than when it is furnished by a moderate quantity of nutritious food. This extra work is so much sheer loss—a loss which in children shows itself either in diminished energy, or in smaller growth, or in both. The inference is, then, that they should have a diet which combines, as much as possible, nutritiveness and digestibility.

It is doubtless true that boys and girls may be brought up upon an exclusively, or almost exclusively, vegetable diet. Among the upper classes are to be found children to whom comparatively little meat is given; and who, nevertheless, grow and appear in good health. Animal food is scarcely tasted by the offspring of laboring people, and yet they reach a healthy maturity. But these seemingly adverse facts have by no means the weight commonly supposed. In the first place, it does not follow that those who in early years flourish on bread-and-potatoes, will eventually reach a fine development; and a comparison between the agricultural laborers and the gentry, in England, or between the middle and lower classes in France, is by no means in favor of vegetable feeders. In the second place the question is not only a question of *bulk*, but also a question of *quality*. A soft, flabby flesh makes as good a show as a firm one; but though to the careless eye, a child of full, flaccid tissue may appear the equal of one whose fibres are well toned, a trial of strength will prove the difference.—Obesity in adults is often a sign of feebleness. Men lose weight in training. And hence the appearance of these low fed children is by no means conclusive. In the third place, not only *size*, but *energy* has to be considered.—Between children of the meat eating classes and those of the bread and potato eating classes, there is a marked contrast in this respect. Both in mental and physical vivacity the low fed peasant boy is greatly inferior to the better fed son of a gentleman.

If we compare different classes of animals, or different races of men, or the same animals or men when differently fed, we find still more distinct proof that *the degree of energy essentially depends on the nutritiveness of the food*.

In a cow, subsisting on so innutritive a food as grass, we see that the immense quantity required to be eaten necessitates an enormous digestive system; that the limbs, small in comparison with the body, are burdened by its weight; that in carrying about this heavy body and digesting this excessive quantity of food, a great amount of force is expended; and that, having but little energy remaining, the creature is sluggish. Compare with the cow a horse—an animal of nearly allied structure, but adapted to a more concentrated food. Here we see that the body, and, more especially its abdominal region, bears a much smaller ratio to the limbs; that the powers are not taxed by the support of such massive viscera, nor the digestion of so bulky a food; and that, as a consequence, there is great locomotive energy and considerable vivacity. If, again, we contrast the stolid inactivity of the graminivorous sheep with the liveliness of the dog, subsisting upon flesh or farinaceous food, or a mixture of the two, we see a difference similar in kind, but still greater in degree. And after walking through the Zoological Gardens, and noting the restlessness with which the carnivorous animals pace up and down their cages, it needs but to remember that none of the herbivorous animals habitually display this superfluous energy, to see how clear is the relation between concentration of food and degree of activity.

That these differences are not directly consequent upon differences of constitution, as some may argue; but are directly consequent upon differences in the food which the creatures are constituted to subsist on; is proved by the fact that they are observable between different divisions of the same species. Take the case of mankind. The Australians, Bushmen, and others of the lowest savages who live on roots and berries, varied by larvæ of insects and the like meagre fare, are comparatively puny in stature, have large abdomens, soft and undeveloped muscles, and are quite unable to cope with Europeans, either in a struggle or in prolonged exertion. Count up the wild races who are well grown, strong and active, as the Kaffirs, North American Indians, and Patagonians, and you find them large consumers of flesh. The ill-fed Hindoo goes down before the Englishman fed on more nutritive food; to whom he is as inferior in mental as in physical energy. And generally, we think, the history of the world shows that the well-fed races have been the energetic and dominant races.

Still stronger, however, becomes the argument, when we find that the same individual animal becomes capable of more or less exertion according as its food is more or less nutritious. This has been clearly demonstrated in the case of the horse. Though flesh may be gained by a grazing horse, strength is lost; as putting him to hard work proves. "The consequence of turning horses out to grass, is relaxation of the muscular system." "Grass is a very good preparation for a bullock for Smithfield market, but a very bad one for a hunter." It was well known of old that, after passing the summer months in the fields, hunters required some months of stable feeding before becoming able to follow the hounds, and that they did not get into good condition until the beginning of the next spring. And the modern practice is that insisted on by Mr. Apperley—"Never to give a hunter what is called 'a summer's run at grass,' and, except under particular and very favorable circumstances, never to turn him out at all." That is to say, never give him poor food: great energy and endurance are to be obtained only by the continuous use of very nutritive food. So true is this that, as proved by Mr. Apperley, prolonged high feeding will enable a middling horse to equal, in his performances, a first-rate horse fed in the ordinary way. To which various evidences add the familiar fact that, when a horse is required to do double duty, it is the practice to give him beans—a food containing a larger proportion of nitrogenous, or flesh-making material, than his habitual oats.

Once more, in the case of individual men the truth has been illustrated with equal, or still greater, clearness. We do not refer to men in training for feats of strength, whose regimen, however, thoroughly conforms to the doctrine. We refer to the experience of railway contractors and their laborers. It has been for years past a well established fact that the English navvy, eating largely of flesh, is far more efficient than a Continental navvy living on a less nutritive food; so much more efficient, that English contractors for Continental railways have habitually taken their laborers with them. That difference of diet, and not difference of race, caused his superiority, has been of late distinctly shown. For it has turned out, that when the Continental navvies live in the same style as their English competitors, they presently rise, more or less nearly, to a par with them in efficiency. To which fact let us here add the converse one, to which we can give personal testimony based upon six months' experience of vegetarianism, that abstinence from meat entails diminished energy of both body and mind.

Do not these various evidences distinctly endorse our argument respecting the feeding of children? Do they not imply that, even supposing the same stature and bulk to be attained on an innutritive as on a nutritive diet, the quality of tissue is greatly inferior? Do they not establish the position that, where energy as well as growth has to be maintained, it can only be done by high feeding? Do they not confirm the *a priori* conclusion that, though a child of whom little is expected in the way of bodily or mental activity, may thrive tolerably well on farinaceous substances, a child who is daily required, not only to form the due amount of new tissue, but to supply the waste consequent on great muscular action, and the further waste consequent on hard exercise of brain, must live on substances containing a larger ratio of nutritive matter? And is it not an obvious corollary, that denial of this better food will be at the expense either of growth, or of bodily activity, or of mental activity; as constitution and circumstances may determine? We believe no logical intellect will question it. To think otherwise is to entertain, in a disguised form, the old fallacy of the perpetual motion schemers—that it is possible to get power out of nothing.

☞ Almost every rational man can show nearly the same number of moral virtues. Only in the good man the active and beneficent virtues look outward, the passive and parsimonious inward. In the bad man it is just the contrary. His forethought, his generosity, his long suffering, is for himself; his severity and temperance and frugality are for others. But the religious virtues belong exclusively to the religious. God hides Himself from the wicked; or at least the wicked blinds himself to God.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

PENNSYLVANIA.

NUMBER OF VOLUNTEERS.—The books of the Adjutant General show that 163 companies, besides the eight Philadelphia regiments, have been accepted and mustered into service. Twenty-eight regiments and three companies additional are offered, making a total of fifty-three regiments accepted and offered up to the 3rd inst. The entire number is 41,500.

The House of Representatives, by a unanimous vote, passed the bill creating a loan of three millions of dollars. This is for the purpose of raising fifteen regiments for the service of the State in addition to those required by the General Government. This will raise the number of regiments contributed by Pennsylvania to fifty-five. It is understood that these additional regiments will go into camp for instruction in accordance with the provisions of a bill published some days since, and hold themselves ready for any demand of the General Government.

An officer arrived from the Chambersburg camp brings intelligence that the Virginians had seized, on Tuesday morning, the heights on the Maryland side of the Potomac, at Harper's Ferry, and were engaged in fortifying them. The numbers of Virginia troops is said to be nearly 6,000, the force having been increased by 1,200 Kentuckians.

Four companies of U. S. cavalry, which marched from Carlisle Barracks on Monday passed unmolested through Maryland, and have reached Gen. Scott's lines.

ARMED NEGROES.—*Harrisburg, May 10.*—An application made from private parties in the Eastern States to Governor Curtin, to permit bodies of armed free blacks to pass through Pennsylvania, has met with his unconditional refusal. [Whole story doubtful.]

OHIO.

Last week two regiments of Ohio troops—the First being under the command of Col. McCook, and the Second under Col. Wilson—reached Philadelphia, were united in marching rank, and immediately marched to Suffolk Park, near Darby, where they encamped.—The men were almost famished, having eaten nothing since they had left Lancaster, on the preceding morning, and it appears that no arrangements whatever had been made to furnish them with food or even shelter upon their arrival. Some of them, we are assured, were without a mouthful to eat for twenty-eight hours, and had it not been for the generous and hospitable reception extended them by our citizens, they might have perished from fatigue, exposure and want. Great blame is due somewhere. The men were soon well provided for, however.

Gen. McClelland has been appointed to the command of the forces of Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Western Pennsylvania (including Pittsburg), and Western Virginia.

A "STARVE" VOLUNTEER.—A member of the Cleveland Grays writes :—"All through Pennsylvania the ladies treated us like brothers. This afternoon, one of the fair daughters of Lancaster worked my initials on my blanket, while I looked on talking about the weather, etc. I don't know, but it seems to me I never felt towards any person as I do towards her !"

Ohio will organize at once her First Reserve. It will be composed of a hundred regiments of a thousand men each—100,000 in all. The Act says :—

"This organization is designed to leave all the domestic and economic machinery of society in full play, and to transfer it becomes necessary. Members of the Militia of the Reserve will therefore devote due attention to their ordinary concerns and do what they can to prevent idleness and insure a full crop of all the products of the farm. Any other course will make the struggle doubly burdensome, notwithstanding the fact that Ohio has already in store provisions for a year in advance."

ALABAMA.

SECESSION CONGRESS.—On the 7th, an act was passed, from which the injunction of secrecy was removed, recognizing the existence of war with the United States, and concerning letters of marque and reprisals and providing for the disposition of prize goods. The preamble recites the acts of Mr Lincoln and his proclamation, and declares that it is necessary for the Confederate States to accept the war thus commenced.

The act authorizes the granting of letters of marque and reprisal on certain conditions. A proviso announces the doctrine that free ships make free goods.

All Federal vessels now at the ports of the Confederate States for the purpose of lawful commerce, are allowed thirty days to return home.

Virginia was admitted as a member of the Confederate States Government in secret session. Two of her members of Congress were sworn in and participated in the discussion, and voted on questions which came before the body. No other business was made public.

The Confederation says that over 300 applications have been made for letters of marque and reprisal.

It is averred that the Confederacy has control of sufficient arms, ordnance and ammunition of every description to put into the field 150,000 men for a year's campaign.

MONTGOMERY, May 8.—The Postal Department is ready to take charge of the mails at any moment that Congress may direct. The official seal, books, rentes, and clerical force are complete, and no detention of mails is feared in consequence of any policy of the United States Government.

TENNESSEE

An ordinance of Secession and Alliance with the Confederate States has been passed by the Legislature, subject to a vote of the people on the 8th of June.

A Military Bill was passed, calling for 55,000 troops, and appropriating $2,000,000 unconditionally for war purposes, and $3,000,000 conditionally.

JOHN BELL.—The Nashville Banner says Mr. Bell spoke, last week, at Tusculum, near Nashville, in connection with Andrew Ewing. Where he expressed his willingness to head a regiment himself to march in defence of the South against the Federal Government. His motto, it will be remembered, in the last political campaign, was, "The Union, the Constitution, and the Enforcement of the Laws."

A New York *Times* correspondent writes from Tennessee : On the 22d inst., Hon. A. R. Nelson, our Congressman from the upper District, addressed the people of this county at Knoxville. He said : "If worst comes to worst, and fight I must, I will fight for the Constitution and the Stars and Stripes of our Union," and solemnly called on his Maker to witness the declaration.

On Saturday, the 27th inst., Andy Johnson, our Senator from East Tennessee, also addressed the people of this county at Knoxville; he had a large crowd to hear him. He made a great Union speech, and declared *that he would fight for the Stars and Stripes*, and spill his last drop of blood for the Union.

"The leaders of the Union party in East Tennessee have about come to the conclusion, that if the Legislature votes us out in defiance of our rights, *East Tennessee will rebel, secede from the State, and stick to the Union. This will only* be hindered from the want of guns and powder."

At Knoxville, on the 7th, an attack was made on the Union men while raising a Union flag. Douglas, a Union man, was slightly wounded.

VIRGINIA.

John A. Washington, the late owner of Mount Vernon, a nephew of the immortal Father of his Country, is a member of Gen. Lee's staff, and is thus arrayed against the Union.

A WHOLE CITY DEPRIVED OF LAGER.—A proprietor of a lager beer house in Richmond, Va., has closed his establishment in consequence of the blockade cutting off his communication with Reading, his source of supply. He promises to reopen on the day Southern Independence is acquired and acknowledged.

HARPER'S FERRY.—About 800 Kentuckians and Virginians were encamped upon the Maryland shore, and the heights in that vicinity were being fortified. A battery had been placed at Jefferson Rock. Trains have also been laid in pipes for blowing up the bridges and other property at a moment's notice, if necessary.

MASSACHUSETTS.

A NEW ENGLAND LIGHT BRIGADE.—A company of six hundred picked men, the flower of New England youth, made up of volunteers to be selected by the Governors of the several New England States, in proportion to their population, is to be formed, and will rendezvous at Springfield, Mass., without delay. It is to be called the New England Light Brigade. Each man is to furnish his own rifle. The money for equipping and uniforming the company will be raised by the ladies of New England; what is contributed over the necessary amount going to the fund for the families of volunteers. The Governors of the New England States, in proportion to their population, is to be formed, and will rendezvous at Springfield, Mass., without delay. It is to be called the New England Light Brigade. Each man is to furnish his own rifle. The money for equipping and uniforming the company will be raised by the ladies of New England; what is contributed over the necessary amount going to the fund for the families of volunteers. The Governors of the several

MILITARY MATTERS.

THREE SWORN.—Gen. Scott has for the third time voluntarily taken the oath of allegiance to the Constitution and laws. The officers of his staff have followed his example. The first occasion was when he entered the service, and the second when in command of Fort Moultrie in the "Calhoun Nullification" times.

DIARRHŒA.—The following is said to be an excellent receipt for a soldier to take with him:

Take one ounce of laudanum.
Take one ounce of spirits of camphor.
Take one ounce of compound spirits of lavender, and take 60 drops of the oil of cinnamon.

These articles are mixed together, and the mixture, for an adult, can be taken in doses of 50 to 60 drops, in a spoonful of water, every one or two hours during the violence of the complaint, and afterwards three or four times a day until the recovery is complete. Of course, in many cases it may become necessary to administer other remedies in connection with the one mentioned; and this is only recommended when the advice of the physician cannot be obtained as soon as desirable. As soon as a diarrhœa commences, the patient should be careful not to eat or drink too much—boil the water, and if of doubtful character—and eat simply bread or crackers, with tea.

SECESSIO' COLORED MEN.—We heard last night that Governor Moore had authorized the organization of a regiment of free colored men in New Orleans. There is material, and abundance of it, to form such, evidenced by the facts we stated a day or two ago, that fifteen hundred free colored men, born in New Orleans, had enrolled themselves as ready for service, and had tendered themselves to the Governor for the defence of Louisiana. We understand that Felix Labatut, Esq., one of the oldest and wealthiest of our citizens, would be solicited to become Colonel of the regiment. The free colored men will make a brave stand for Louisiana, should they be called into the field, as did their forefathers in the war of 1814-15. —*New Orleans Bee.*

We learn that a similar corps to that in New Orleans may be organized in Mobile with the least encouragement. It should be given. Every man who has a stake in the South should have the privilege of being enrolled among its members.—*Mobile Register.*

OFFERS OF TROOPS FROM THE WEST.—The offers of troops from the West is astonishing. The Government has already received proffers of service from *two hundred and fifty thousand men*, all west of the Alleghanies. This immense multitude is ready for instant and active service, and each regiment is made up of hardy troops. The men of the Northwest are manifestly in earnest for the support of the Government. None seem to be coming East—they probably go to Dixey's land by a more direct route.

ARMY DEBTS.—If an officer of the French army incurs debts without paying them, one fifth of his pay is retained to discharge them. If he continues to do so, he may be degraded. An under-officer, or soldier, is under similar circumstances liable to discipline and the loss of grade, and imprisonment.

HOSPITAL CONVENIENCES.—Major Anderson recently advised some ladies who consulted him respecting hospital conveniences, not to attempt to furnish articles of food for the sick and wounded. He would require thousands of dollars in the first place; besides, the hospitals are all supplied with what is necessary. However, if the ladies would furnish the following articles, they would add greatly to the comfort of the poor fellows who may be sick and suffering: A large supply of Canton flannel night-shirts, large and long; green silk eye-shades, with elastic bands; common slippers, of large size; hospital haversacks; and tin drinking cups.

MISS DIX SERVING THE COUNTRY.—Miss D. L. Dix, who has been called by the Government to Washington, to assist in organizing hospitals for the sick of the different regiments, writes a friend in Harrisburg, asking aid for supplying the Pennsylvania Military Hospital with the following articles, which will be greatly needed, viz.: Long night-shirts, made of bleached or unbleached muslin, four and a half or five yards long; common shirts of the same, flannel shirts; cotton flannel drawers, woolen socks and handkerchiefs. Any or all these articles, in any quantities, will be found acceptable.—Each piece should be marked in ink before entering—"Military Hospitals—Pennsylvania." The ladies of the several churches in Harrisburg are getting up packages of these articles, and the same might be done in this city. Many of our readers will be interested to learn that Miss Dix, who was never turned aside from duty by danger, went through Baltimore with the Massachusetts Regiment in the slaughter there on the 19th ult.

SLOW MOVEMENTS IN GREAT WARS.—It was in March, 1854, that Great Britain and France declared war against Russia, as allies of Turkey; but not till six months after, on 14th and 16th of September, did the allies land their first army in the Crimea, consisting of 25,000 men, half of English and French troops; only two-thirds of the number called for in President Lincoln's proclamation were furnished by the two most powerful nations of Europe after six months preparation. Our Mexican war was declared May 12, 1846, a bill which authorized the calling out of 50,000 volunteers; but the battle of Monterey, in which 4,700 Americans fought against 10,000 Mexicans, did not take place till the latter part of September. General Scott did not land at Vera Cruz till the last of March, 1847, his first engagement with the Mexicans at Cerro Gordo being on the 18th of April, with 8,500 Americans against 12,000 Mexicans.

MERCANTILE INTEGRITY.—Despite the troubles of the times, there are thousands of merchants in the south who are strongly for the Union, and who will utterly refuse to rally their integrity by evading payment of their northern debts. While there are those who avail themselves of the existing opportunity to act dishonestly, we are well assured that, in a majority of cases, southern dealers generally are as anxious to discharge their indebtedness as their creditors are anxious to have them discharged. We understand that even now exchange on the north in the south is lower than it was in Illinois and Indiana before the trouble commenced. Within ten days past exchange could be had at Memphis at four per cent. In Illinois it has not been below that rate for several months past. Either rate is too high a rate, and large amounts of money from the south are held back for no other reason.

We yesterday morning examined the mail of a Market Street house doing a southern trade—an examination which goes to show that mercantile integrity is a jewel abundantly existing in the south, and not to be sullied either by the ascendancy of oligarchy or mob rule. While some of the writers are unable to meet their notes, there is a far larger, among the twenty five, expressing a thought of repudiation or evasion of payment.—*Philadelphia North American of May 8th.*

A DETACHMENT of the New York 13th Regiment recently captured a privateer off the mouth of the Chesapeake, and carried her into Annapolis. The prize was a schooner well armed. Her crew, with the exception of two men, escaped in boats to the shore.

PENSACOLA.—A letter from the U. S. corvette, St. Louis, off Pensacola, says, that a number of old water tanks are all half filled with powder, and that every building in the Navy Yard is artistically studded with them in such a way as to facilitate the total and immediate destruction of the entire place, should an attack from our side be likely to prove successful. He adds:

"The man who so skillfully plans our enemies' arrangements, Commodore Ingraham, was three months ago commanding the United States naval forces in the south of Europe. There is no doubt whatever that we are destined to see the city of Pensacola and the village of Warrington in ruins before the Fourth of July. The Rebels are determined that our victory—the certainty of which they feel as well as we—shall be confined to obtaining a good position. To my inexpressible astonishment, I learned this morning that the said Warrington is 'a deserted village.'

We doubt the above—for it would not be difficult for an adroit enemy to put a spark to the tanks, and explode the whole affair effectually, before the intended time.

GEN. TWIGGS COMING NORTH.—Mr. Buchanan, at the close of his administration, denounced Twiggs, publicly and officially, as a traitor. This incensed Twiggs to such a degree, that he preferred to overlook the fact that the act was one of official duty, and resolved to consider it a personal affront. He therefore addressed a letter to Mr. Buchanan, after the latter had retired from office, dated East Pascagoula, March 30th, holding him personally responsible, in the following language:

"Your usurped right to dismiss me from the army might be acquiesced in; but you had no right to brand me as a traitor. This was personal, and *I shall treat it as such*, not through the papers but *in person*. I shall, most assuredly, pay a visit to Lancaster, for the sole purpose of a *personal interview* with you. So, sir, prepare yourself. I am well assured that public opinion will sanction *any course* I may take with you."

The people of Lancaster are all agog for the promised visit.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The receipts and stocks of Flour continue light, sales reaching some 7000 bbls, in lots, at $5,50@5,62½ for standard and good superfine, which is rather scarce; $5,75@6 for common and good extra; $6,12@6,50 for family, and $6,75@7,25 ₱ bbl for fancy brands, as in quality; included in the sales are 700 bbls Brandywine at $6,25, and about 1000 bbls Lancaster county extra and Western extra family on terms kept private; Rye Flour is dull, with a few small sales to note at $3,50 ₱ bbl, at which rate it is freely offered. Corn Meal is more inquired for; 500 bbls Penna sold, in lots, at $3,75, and 350 bbls at $3,87½ ₱ bbl, which establishes an advance; the receipts and stocks are very light.

GRAIN—The receipts of Wheat are only moderate. Sales comprise about 35,000 bus, at $1,31 @1,33 for fair to good Western and Penna Reds, mostly at the latter rate, afloat; $1,34@1,35 for choice lots in store, and $1,40@1,55 for White, as in quality, including 3000 bus fair Kentucky at $1,45, and 3000 bus choice do at $1,55, in store. Rye has been unsettled and drooping, and about 4000 bus Penna sold at 68@69c, afloat and in store. Corn has been in good request and firm, and all offered, 28,000 bus, found buyers at 62c for prime Southern Yellow, afloat, and 61@63½c in store and in the cars, including some Western Yellow at 61@62c, and damaged lots at 56@60c, as to condition. Oats have been unsettled and dull, and only some 16,000 bus have been disposed of at 36@36½c for Penna, mostly at the former rate, afloat, including Southern, in lots, at 32½@33½c. Barley and Malt remain very quiet, and prices nearly nominal. Of Mill Feed further sales are reported at $10,50 ₱ ton.

PROVISIONS—There has been very little doing in barreled meats, and prices are nearly nominal at $18,50@19 for Mess, and $16 for Prime; sale of 200 bbls is reported at $18, cash, which is a decline. City Mess Beef sells as wanted at $15@16 ₱ bbl. Bacon is dull, Hams selling in lots, as wanted, at 10@12c for plain and fancy cured; 9½@10c for Sides, and 7½@8c for Shoulders, usual terms, the demand is very moderate. Green Meats are also very quiet; Sides are held at 9@9½c, and Shoulders, in salt, at 7c, without sales. Hams range at 8½@9c. Lard is quiet, and held above the views of buyers. About 500 tierces and bbls Western sold at 10c@10¼c, cash and time; kegs are quiet at 11c@11¼c. Butter is but little inquired for, and prime roll sells at 12c@13c. Cheese is steady at 8½@9½c ₱ lb. Eggs are plenty and dull, and whole lots sell at 8c ₱ dozen.

COTTON—A few small lots have been disposed of, including 300 bales in all, at from 12½ to 15@15½c, cash and time, for Uplands and Gulfs.

ASHES—The market is unchanged, and a limited business doing in both kinds.

BARK is quiet; there is much Quercitron offering, but the demand has fallen off, and only about 70 hhds sold at $36,50 for 1st No 1, and $32,50 for No 2.

BEESWAX—The offerings and sales are light, and holders firm at 32c for good yellow.

COAL—The trade is steady demand for Anthracite to supply the eastern markets, without any quotable change to note in prices.

COFFEE—There have been no further arrivals this week. About 1300 bags Rio sold at 13c@13½c, on time.

COPPER continues dull; we quote Sheathing at 25c, and Yellow Metal at 18c@19c ₱ lb, 6 mos, and very little selling.

FRUIT—Nothing doing. Dried Fruit is very dull at quotations.

HEMP is quiet, the stock being nearly all in the hands of manufacturers, who are doing very little.

HOPS—The sales continue light, prices ranging at 16@22c for new crop Eastern and Western. Old Hops are very dull.

IRON—The market for Pig Metal continues almost at a stand, with a small business only to note at $21@22 for No 1 Anthracite, and $30@31 for No 1 Charcoal. Forge is steady, and Scotch Pig Manufactured Iron is dull and neglected.

LEAD—The receipts are light, but there is no demand, and Galena is offered at 5½c, without finding buyers. A small sale of Virginia was made at $5,37½ the 100 lbs, cash.

LUMBER continues very dull. Supplies are coming in more freely, and Lathe and Pickets the receipts are large, and the demand very limited.

MOLASSES—The market continues quiet, and prices about the same.

PLASTER is arriving more freely, and prices are unsettled and lower, with sales at $4,62½ ₱ ton.

RICE—The demand is limited, and the sales mostly in a small way at 5¾@6c ₱ lb, the latter for strictly prime.

SEEDS—There is nothing doing, the season being about over. We quote nominally at $4,25 @4,50 for Clover, $2@2,25 for Timothy, and $1,40 @1,50 ₱ bus for Flaxseed, and very little offering or selling.

SPIRITS—The demand for Foreign continues limited, and holders firm in their views. N E Rum sells slowly at 30@32c, as to lots. Whiskey is dull and lower, and prices are nearly nominal at the close at 17c@18c for Penna and Ohio bbls, 16½c for Drudge, and 17c@17½c for hhds.

SUGARS are unchanged, but the market at the close is more active, and about 1400 hhds, most ly Cuba, have been taken for refining at 4⅞@5c; the bulk of the sales were at 4¾c, on time.

TALLOW is quiet and drooping; there is very little selling. City rendered is quoted at 9c, and Country at 8c ₱ lb.

TOBACCO—The dealers are pretty well supplied, and the market is quiet.

WOOL—The medium and low grades are held with rather more firmness, but there is little or nothing doing in the way of sales, and prices are nominally unchanged.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1127 head. The prices realized were from $3 to $5 ₱ 100 weight. 40 Cows brought from $25 to 30 ₱ head. 3400 Sheep were sold at from 4¼ to 4¾ ₱ cwt, gross. 1440 Hogs sold at from $6 to 7 ₱ cwt. net.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of H. DEXTER & CO., 112 Nassau St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St. N. Y.
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JOHN R. WALSH, Chicago, Illinois.
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GRAY & CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Mo.
MCNALLY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

FORT SUMTER'S FIRE.—A flour merchant of New York, who acted as a soldier in Fort Moultrie, being impressed into service, confirms previous reports of the destructive effect of Major Anderson's fire, and adds:

"The very first shot from Fort Sumter came booming into one of the port-holes near which I was stationed, dismounted the gun, and shivered the carriage into thousands of splinters. These splinters were scattered with terrible force throughout the fort, *killing thirty-three men instantly*, and wounding many more. This was the most destructive single shot we received, but throughout the entire cannonading the fire from Sumter was terrible. The dead and dying lay about us in every direction, and were trampled under foot by the soldiers in their arduous labors.

"We had not surgeons enough to attend to them all, and many died for want of help and their piteous cries for help were distressing in the extreme. When Sumter finally capitulated—without losing a man, thank God—the relatives of our dead and wounded hastened to Moultrie to learn their fate. Mothers came, asking for their sons, sisters for brothers, sons for fathers, and all were told that all were well—that none were killed, but that confusion prevailed and the soldiers could not be seen.

"That night the bodies of the dead were boxed up and conveyed on shore, where they were buried in trenches in the negro burying-ground. *One hundred and sixty bodies were conveyed to the burial-place on a small schooner, and the others by various other conveyances.* On the following day, when relatives inquired for those who were dead, they were told that they had been sent away to other points to recruit their energies.

"Every possible means were resorted to to keep the truth from being known. I myself counted *over two hundred dead bodies* in Moultrie, and know that there were others which I did not see. I have no possible way of knowing the extent of the slaughter at the other fortifications, but heard incidentally, that it was serious, although not so great as at Moultrie. I was told that one shot at Stevens's Battery dismounted a cannon and killed several persons."

Gen. Beauregard, in his official report, puts down his loss as four "slightly wounded."

SENATOR BAYARD, of Del., was arrested in this city one day last week—but no charge being substantiated against him, he was released. Irresponsible parties were after him —but thus foiled. Delaware is said to be also a little too hot for him. The Senator says he has not been at Montgomery, but at New Orleans, on private business.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

April 30th, at Frankford, by the Rev. Father O'Connor, MR. DANIEL J. FERRY, to MISS MAGGIE ANASTASIA MCCLAIN, youngest daughter of Alexr. McClain.

At Philadelphia, on Monday, 6th instant, by the Rev. Geo. Leeds, of St. Peter's Church, SAMUEL M. WICKERSHAM, of Pittsburg, Pa. to FANNIE W., daughter of Dr. R. G. Bell, formerly of Baltimore.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, Rector of Old Swedes' Church, MR. ROBERT OAK, of this city, to MISS HARRIET MCCOMMICK, of Lancaster, Pa.

In Philadelphia, on Thursday, May 2d, by the Rev. James S. Shinn, MR. HENRY C. BURDGE, to MISS EMMA L. TWAY, both of this city.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. H. M. Tillotson, Frankford, MR. ALEXANDER S. MYTINGER, to MISS LOUISA M. ZELLEY.

April 21st, 1861, by the Rev. Joseph Perry, Mr. JEREMIAH SEMENTEL, of Bengal, Harford, to MISS SARAH A. THOMAS, of Delaware, U. S.

On January 8th, 1861, by the Rev. Mr. Bunker, Blockley, MR. MARTIN MARS, of Lower Merion, Montgomery county, to MISS ANNE E. BROWN, of Philadelphia.

On the 22d of April, by the Rev. Dr. C. Cook, Mr. THOMAS SIMPSON, to MISS HENRIETTA C. SUMMERS, both of this city.

On Sunday evening, the 5th instant, by the Rev. Dr. Alday, Mr. GUSTAVUS BROWN, to MISS SARAH WAINWRIGHT, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

Suddenly, on the 7th instant, JOHN HENDER son, in his 51st year.

Fifth month, 8th, JOHN JACOBS, in his 48th year.

On Monday evening, 6th instant, of congestion of the brain, MRS. JANE K. SOUDER, widow of the late Hon. M. Souder, aged 80 years.

At Bristol, Pa. on Monday, May 6th, 1861, MARY HALE, wife of Henry G. Stelwagon, and daughter of the late Thos. Hale, Esq.

On the 5th instant, EDMUND S. COXE, Esq. in his 61st year.

On Monday afternoon, 6th instant, GEORGE H. DULL.

On the 4th instant, JOHN D. ELLIS, in his 37th year.

On the 6th instant, SUSAN M. daughter of the Rev. Calvin Foote.

On the 4th instant, after a brief illness, CHARLES CONRY.

In Berlin, Prussia, on April 16th, MARY CAROLINE, wife of Charles Vezin, of this city, in her 28th year.

On the 5th instant, JOHN H. WHEELER, aged 42 years.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, May 11, 1861.

Alabama	—dis.	Missouri	—dis.
Canada	3 dis.	Nashville	—dis.
Connecticut	1 dis.	New Brunswick	15 dis.
Delaware	1 dis.	New England	1 dis.
Dist. of Columbia	1 dis.	New Jersey	par to 1 dis.
Florida	—dis.	New York City	1 dis.
Georgia	—dis.	New York State	1 dis.
Illinois	—dis.	North Carolina	—dis.
Indiana	3 dis.	Nova Scotia	—dis.
Iowa	5 dis.	Ohio	3 dis.
Kansas	—dis.	Pennsylvania par to 3c dis.	
Kentucky	10 dis.	Rhode Island	1 dis.
Louisiana	—dis.	South Carolina	—dis.
Maine	1 dis.	Tennessee	25 dis.
Maryland	1 dis.	Texas	—dis.
Massachusetts	1 dis.	Vermont	1 dis.
Michigan	5 dis.	Virginia	5 dis.
Minnesota		Wisconsin	15 to 25 dis.
Mississippi	—dis.		

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady:—

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 per ct.	—	—
" 5 "	—	—
" 5 " compon	—	—
Phila 6 per ct. old	—	—
" " new	101	103½
" 5 "	—	—
Pittsb'g 6 per ct.	—	—
" 5 " compon	—	—
All'y City 6 per ct.	—	—
" 5 " comp	—	—
Penn 5 per ct.	—	—
" 6 "	74½	74¾
Penn 5	—	stock 15½ 15¾
Kentucky 6 per ct	—	—
Missouri "	—	—
Ohio " 1890	—	—
N. Carolina 6 per ct.	—	—
Virginia "	—	—
Ind State 5 per ct	—	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'k Nav 6 per ct.	—	—
" loan 7s	65	67
Penn 6 per ct.	—	—
" stock	—	74
" preferred	—	50½ 51
Lehigh Nav stock	61	62
" 6 per ct.	—	—
" scrip	—	73
Morris Canal 6 per ct.	—	—
" preferred	102	103
Lehigh Zinc	—	—
Susq Canal	—	—
RAILROAD STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Penn'a Railroad stock	—	55
" bonds, 6s	—	—
" 7s	—	—
Phila, Wil & Balt stock	—	27 32
" 6 per ct. loan '85	—	—
" 6 " '70	—	—
Elmira	—	Valley mort — —
" stock	—	—
Catawissa	—	stock — —
Beaver Meadow stock	32½	33
" preferred 10 per ct	—	—
North Penn's R R stock	—	—
" 6 per ct loan	104	86
Phil Ger & Nor R R stock	66	67
" 6 per ct loan	—	—
Read R R stock	—	—
Harrisburg, Portsmouth, Mt Joy & Lancaster R R stock	—	—
Central Pa	—	—
Michigan Central	—	—
Illinois	—	—
Michigan Southern	—	—

HOMŒOPATHIC MEDICAL COLLEGE OF PENNSYLVANIA, in Philadelphia.

The regular course of Lectures in this institution will commence on the Fourteenth day of October, 1861, and continue until the First of March, 1862.

The Commencement will take place early in March.

FEES.—For a full course of Lectures, $100. Matriculation, $5. Practical Anatomy, $10. Graduation, $30. S. S. BROOKS, M. D., Dean, 1320 Vine Street.

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RECENT COUGHS AND COLDS, PLEURITIC PAINS, &c., are quickly and effectually cured by its diaphoretic, soothing and Expectorant power.

ASTHMA it always cures. It overcomes the spasmodic contraction of the air vessels, and by reducing free expectoration, at once removes all difficulty of breathing.

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ap27-10t T. T. SHELTY, M. D., Proprietor.

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NERVOUS HEADACHE;

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HEADACHE.

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MASONVILLE, CONN., Feb. 5, 1861.

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Part of these are for the neighbors, to whom I gave a few out of the first box I got from you.

Send the Pills by mail, and oblige

Your obt servant,
JAMES KENNEDY.

HAVERFORD, PA., Feb. 6, 1861

MR. SPALDING.

SIR:—

I wish you to send me one more box of your Cephalic Pills, *I have derived a great deal of benefit from them.* Yours, respectfully,
MARY ANN STOIKHOUSE.

SPRUCE CREEK, HUNTINGTON CO., PA., January 18, 1861

H. C. SPALDING.

SIR:—

You will please send me two boxes of your Cephalic Pills. Send them immediately

Respectfully yours,
JNO. R. SIMONS.

P. S.—*I have used another of your Pills, and find them excellent.*

BELLE VERNON, Ohio, Jan. 15, 1861.

HENRY C. SPALDING, Esq.

Please find inclosed twenty five cents, for which send me another box of your Cephalic Pills. *They are truly the best Pills I have ever used.*

Direct A. STOVER, P. M.,
Belle Vernon, Wyandot Co., O.

BEVERLY, MASS., Dec. 11, 1860.

H. C. SPALDING, Esq.

I wish for some circulars or large show bills, to bring your Cephalic Pills more particularly before my customers. If you have anything of the kind, please send to me.

One of my customers who is subject to severe Sick Headache, (usually lasting two days,) *was cured of an attack in one hour by your Pills*, which I sent her. Respectfully yours,
W. B. WILKES.

REYNOLDSTON, FRANKLIN CO., OHIO, January 9, 1861.

HENRY C. SPALDING,
No. 48 Cedar st., N. Y.

DEAR SIR:—

Inclosed find twenty five cents, (25c.) for which send box of "Cephalic Pills." Send to address of Rev. Wm. C. Filler, Reynoldsburg, Franklin Co., Ohio.

Your Pills work like a charm—cure Headache almost instantly.

Truly yours, WM. C. FILLER.

☞ A single bottle of SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE will save ten times its cost annually. ap2

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As certain unprincipled persons are attempting to palm off on the unsuspecting public, imitations of my PREPARED GLUE, I would caution all persons to examine before purchasing, and see that the full name

☞ SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE, ap2
is on the outside wrapper: all others are swindling compounds. my17-1y

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Our lady readers who desire a fair complexion, will find an efficient agent in BURNETT'S KALLISTON. Those who have used it are loud in its praises, as a preparation which imparts a clear, soft and beautiful hue to the skin, without being attended by any injurious effects. It is pronounced one of the best toilet fixtures ever prepared.—*St. Louis Evening News.*

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In short, in all cases, whether in male or female, where the mental and physical powers of the constitution have been prostrated by disease, disorder or other causes, the Alterative will never fail to effect a speedy cure. It is prepared only by DR. D. JAYNE & SON, 242 Chestnut Street, and may be had of Ag

Wit and Humor.

VALUABLE RECEIPTS.

"Uncle Ben," in the Poughmouth Chronicle, gives the following receipts as most "infallible:"

1. To prevent horses and cattle from jumping. Keep good fences around fields of good pasture.

2. How to sleep soundly at night. Do a hard day's work at some honest manual labor, go to bed early, and with a consciousness of having done right through the day. [*Warranted.*]

3. To cure dyspepsia. Take a new axe, put a white hickory handle in it, bore a hole in the top of the handle, fill the whole with gum camphor, and seal it up. Then take the axe and cut cord wood at fifty cents a cord, boarding yourself, until the heat of the handle dissolves the camphor.

N. B.—It will do just as well at these times to take a maul and split rails, at the same price per hundred.

4. To prevent dogs from killing sheep. If the dogs are good for anything, give them plenty of bread and meat to eat at home—if good for nothing, give them less meat with one grain of strychnine in it.

5. To prevent wives from scolding. Provide them with plenty of good wood and water—plenty in the pantry and kitchen, and always wear a cheerful countenance, and speak pleasantly yourself.

P. S.—Wife says I must add to this, marry a *sensible woman.*

DECIDEDLY PITIFUL.

A political speaker recently related an anecdote, in which he said he had been in the Florida war chasing the Indians some years before, and among his companions was a reckless, dare-devil sort of a fellow, who seemed as careless of his own life as though he had a dozen more of them in his pocket. He had been hacked, cut, stabbed and shot in possible and impossible places, and his life despaired of frequently. All of this he bore with philosophic indifference. One day, however, he was tremendously kicked by a tremendous jackass; and this time, death was inevitable.

His companions gathered around him, and one was selected to give him the painful intelligence that he must die. To the surprise of all, the reckless, callous, fearless soldier burst into tears. This was unexpected, as no one had ever associated him with fear of death; and a surprised and ill concealed soldierly contempt appeared on the faces of his companions.

Seeing this, he drew up his shattered arms and lifted his head and said—

"It's not that, boys. It's not the fear of dying—though that isn't pleasant; but to think after all the high, grand old chances o' dying I have had and lost, jest to be kicked to death by a dod-derned yee-hawing old cuss of a jackass!"

A HOLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

A few days since (writes an attorney), as I was sitting with Brother D———, in his office, in Court Square, a client came in, and said—

"Squire D———, W———, the livery stable keeper, shaved me dreadfully yesterday, and I want to come up with him."

"State your case," said D———.

Client—"I asked him how much he would charge me for a horse to go to Dedham. He said fifteen shillings. I took the horse and went, and when I came back, I paid him fifteen shillings, and he said he wanted another fifteen shillings for coming back, and made me pay it."

D——— gave him some legal advice, which the client immediately acted upon as follows:

He went to the stables and said—

"How much will you charge me for a horse to go to Salem?"

Stabler replied:—"Thirty shillings."

"Harness him up."

Client went to Salem, came back by railroad, went to stabler, saying—

"Here is your money," paying him thirty shillings.

"Where is my horse?" says W———

"He is at Salem," says client, "I only hired him to go to Salem."

DODGING A HATTER.—An individual purchased a hat in a shop kept by a tradesman by the name of Dodgion. The article was got in the absence of the proprietor, and the purchaser left the shop, entirely forgetting (by mistake, of course) to pay for the aforesaid "tile." The tradesman upon hearing the facts, started after him in hot pursuit of the delinquent. Upon overhauling him, the following scene occurred:

"See here, sir, I wish to speak with you."

"Move on."

"I am Dodgion, the hatter."

"That's my fix."

"I tell you I am Dodgion, the hatter."

"So am I; I'm dodgin' the hatter, too—and very likely we are both of us dodgin' the same chap."

The scene ended with a "striking" tableau, in which Mr. Diddler found himself considerably "mixed up" with Dodgion, the hatter."

SPOTS ON THE SUN.—There are now five distinct clusters of spots travelling the disc of the sun, visible through an ordinary and slightly-smoked telescope. During the hot summer of 1807, it is recorded that there were many of great magnitude; and during the cold and wet summer of 1823, there were none; but then in the cold and backward seasons of 1836 and 1837, these spots appeared frequently, as they have done throughout the present cold and stormy weather. To suppose, therefore, that these remarkable excavations exercise any influence on our atmosphere is a popular fallacy, or, at any rate premature.

☞ The Skeleton in every married man's house.—His wife's skirt.

YANKEE INQUISITIVENESS.

Charles Lever never penned anything better than his Yankee Quakinbos' advice to the English tourist

"'Here's how it is,' said he at last. 'Our folk isn't your folk because they speak the same language. In your country your station, or condition, or whatever you like to call it, answers for you, and the individual man merges into the class he belongs to. Not so here. We don't care a cent about your rank, but we want to know about yourself! Now, you strangers mistake all that feeling, and call it impertinence and curiosity, and such like, but it ain't anything of the kind! No, sir. It simply means what sort of knowledge, what art, or science, or labor, can you contribute to the common stock? Are you a-come amongst us to make us wiser, or richer, or thriftier, or godlier? or are you a loafer—a mere loafer? My asking you on a rail car whence you came and where you're agoin', is no more impertinence than my inquirin' at a store whether they have got this article or that? I want to know whether you and I, as we journey together, can profit each other? whether either of us mayn't have something the other has never heard afore. He can't have travelled very far in life who hasn't picked up many an improvin' thing from men he didn't know the names on, sy, and learned many a sound lesson besides of patience, or contentment, forgiveness, and the like; and all that ain't so easy if people won't be sociable together!

"'After all,' said he, drawing a long breath, like one summing up the pith of a discourse, 'if you're goin' to pick holes in Yankee coats, to see all manner of things to criticise, condemn, and sneer at, if you're satisfied to describe a people by a few peculiarities which are not pleasin' to you, go ahead and abuse us; but if you'll accept honest hospitality, though offered in a way that's new to you—if you'll believe in true worth and genuine loyalty of character, even though its possessor talk somewhat through the nose—then, sir, I say there ain't no fear that America will disappoint you, or that you'll be ill treated by Americans.'"

A RUSSIAN AMUSEMENT.

On one occasion, when Prince Alexis Youriviteh went out to hunt, it was very cold, and there was a slight coating of ice on the Volga—what is called glass ice, so thin that it could be broken with a five copeck piece. The huntsmen caught about a hundred hares in the fields, and made a halt on the other side of the monastery. The hill was very high, and stood up straight like a wall above the Volga. The Prince Alexis Youriviteh was in a lively mood, and wished to amuse himself, so he sat down on the edge of the cliff, astride on a barrel of sweet wine, took a ladle in his hand, and began to help himself and those around him. When he felt a little excited, he told his people to make holes in the ice, in this way! they were to plunge, head first, from the top of the hill through the ice, and, on coming up, were to break through in another place. This was the favorite amusement of the late Prince Alexis Youriviteh. "God grant him his heavenly kingdom," says the peasant who relates his history. On that day, however, no one could make a *reasch* (hole) to please him. "Some," says the narrator, "threw themselves stupidly on to the ice, and fell on their bodies, which was not the thing. That is called thundering, and for that the back receives fifteen stripes, that it may know its place, and not put itself before the head again." Another never reached the ice at all, but struck against the side of the hill and put his neck out of joint; and three who succeeded in breaking through the ice never came up again; "they remained to take care of the carp." Prince Alexis was in a great rage. He screamed out, "I will flog you all to death!" and then turned to some gentlemen of limited income who lived with him, and told them to make *reasches*, but they were far more awkward than the peasants. One of them succeeded in breaking the ice, but he also remained with the carp. Then Prince Alexis Youriviteh wept and sobbed; it was so very provoking! "It is plain that my last days are at hand," he exclaimed; "there is not one man here who can make a *reasch*. But where," he added, "is Cropeared Iashka? he was the man. He would make three *reasches* one after the other." *The Russians at Home.*

BRIDAL INCIDENTS.—A Clergyman in Glasgow used to relate the following:—In marrying a couple, he asked the bride, in the usual form, whether she would be "a loving, faithful, and obedient wife." The bride promptly replied that she would promise to be loving and faithful, but would not venture on a pledge of uniform obedience. The minister paused and demurred. "Just say awa, sir," ejaculated the bridegroom; "she has promised to be lovin' and faithfu', an' foul fa' thae fingers," raising his fist, "gin she's no obedient." A similar narrative, in which the bride proved the prevailing party, was told by the late Dr Maclean, of the Gorbals, Glasgow. The reverend doctor, in marrying a couple, failed to obtain any indication from the bridegroom as to whether he would accept the bride as his helpmate. After a considerable pause, the bride, indignant at the stolidity of her intended husband, pushed down his head with her hand, at the same time addressing him aloud, "Ganna ye boo, (bow,) ye brute?" A Paisley bride, who was being united to a stolid husband, was according to the testimony of the Rev. Mr. M———, who performed the ceremony, more considerate in her expressions. The bridegroom having given no response to the question, though often repeated by the minister, "Do you take this woman to be your married wife?" the bride broke in, "Deed does he, sir; he promises a' that ye require!"

☞ There is a class of men ever ready to pump you to any extent, if you only give them a handle.

ARTHUR—"Stamma! isn't Mr. Blanque a wicked man?"

MAMMA—"Wicked, my dear! No! What makes you ask such a question?"

ARTHUR—"Why, because, mamma, dear, when he comes into church, he doesn't smell his hat as other people do!"

CHINESE TEA FOUNTAINS.—Wealthy persons, by subscribing together, and at times, entirely at individual cost, will provide, during the heat of summer, large buckets or jars, filled with weak tea, for the refreshment of the public. These jars, with acup floating at the top, are placed in a small out shed in the public thoroughfares, in the main roads leading to the cities, or wherever large numbers of coolies or porters frequent. All comers are invited to partake. An announcement stating the tea to be provided for the refreshment of the weary and thirsty workmen and travellers. A crowd may be generally seen around the bench on which the jar stands, while travellers, hot and dusty, sit in the shade of the mat, all enjoying their cup of tea without expense. It is thought highly meritorious of the individual who sets up one of these tea sheds for the refreshment of his poorer countrymen. The plan has been worthily imitated in England, by the establishment of drinking-fountains, the scenes at which, on a hot day in London, have often reminded me of similar scenes in China.—*The Medical Missionary in China.*

COMMON SENSE.—In the course of a lecture delivered by the Rev. G. Gleig, it was observed that the late Duke of Wellington had a great respect for what he called common sense. In illustration, the Duke used to tell the following anecdote:—"When I was following a rajah, in India, we came to a great sandy plain, to cross which was impossible, with the enemy's cavalry hovering about us. The spies said there was a river in front which I could not cross, as it had no bridges, and that I must therefore take a *detour* to the right or left. I, however, took the cavalry and pushed on to the river, till I was near enough to take a view of it with a spy-glass, when I saw there were two villages opposite each other, on different sides of the river. I immediately said to myself, 'People would never be fools enough to build two towns immediately opposite, on a great river if they could not get from one to the other. So I moved on, and sure enough there was a bridge between the towns. We crossed it, and licked the rajah."

☞ The Pacific Ocean is something of a pond, possessing an area of 80,000,000 miles.

Agricultural.

Stopping up a Hole with a Stovepipe.

A gentleman being much annoyed by a cat that was under the table during dinner, called his servant (a recent importation) and told her to take the cat to the woodshed, shut her in, and stop the hole where she came out. Biddy did as directed, but had no sooner returned than the cat again appeared. The gentleman inquired why she had not done as he had commanded. She replied that she had. "And did you stop the hole?" he asked. "Faith an' I did!" she replied. "What with?" he asked. "A piece of a stovepipe, sure" she artlessly replied.

Now, there are a good many people who will laugh at Biddy's heedlessness, and think she was father *green*. Yet many of these same persons are as heedless as she.

Mr. A——, look at your mowing-machine standing just where you finished haying, and your rakes and scythes hanging in the trees, and your plough rusting in the corner of the fence. Haven't you stopped a hole with a stovepipe?

Mr. B——, see those cattle standing out during the storm by that hay stack, without any shelter, exposed to the driving wind and sleet, wasting their manure and at least one-third their fodder.

How about the stovepipe in your cases?

Mr. C——, look at that black stream running away from your barn-yard into the road or brook, carrying away all that is of value in your manure, wasting what should be the food of future crops, impoverishing your farm and yourself with it. Are you not imitating Biddy this time?

Mr. D——, look at those cattle—how poor they are. You have been selling hay and grain, and feeding nothing but straw to your cattle; they have consequently come out "spring poor." It will take them all summer to recruit. They will be behind the market, and you cannot sell them for half what your neighbors are selling them for. How about the stovepipe?

Mr. L——, look at those boards off your barn, your doors lying on their sides, those holes through the roof, through which the rain wets and rots your hay and grain. The money and time you spent at that horse race last week would have repaired your barn. Don't you think you have stopped a cat hole with a stovepipe? Farmers, have we not all some hole about our premises stopped with a stovepipe? A farmer's profits are in inverse ratio to his outgoes, and the fewer holes he stops with stovepipes, the greater will be the balance in his favor at the end of the year.—*Rural American.*

CORN AND COB MEAL NOT INJURIOUS TO ANIMALS.

For several years past there has been much said and written, favorably and unfavorably, on grinding corn in the ear as food for stock. I have been both amused and disgusted at the recital of stories told and read by individuals.

I have fed corn and cob meal, more or less to horses, cattle, sheep, and hogs, in various forms, at all seasons of the year, for some six years, and have never seen any evil effects resulting therefrom. But on the contrary, have found it to be a saving of about one-half of the grain fed in the ordinary way, and more, if properly cooked and care be taken in feeding. I have fattened cattle, hogs and sheep in half the time I could on whole corn, and frequently in the cold of weather, when whole corn would not more than keep them in living order. When ground fine, I consider it better for stock than meal ground from shelled corn. It lies looser in the animal's stomach, and will not sour, as pure corn meal will. I will give one illustration to suffice for many, showing the fallacy of the dangers in feeding corn and cob meal. Five years ago this winter I put up a poor, old work ox; fed him until spring; he was fat, but as I could not sell him for what I thought he was worth, I summered him over to the next fall; put him up again and fed him as before with corn and cob meal; killed him the beginning of January following. A healthier animal I never saw, and as for fatness, there was not a single half pound of flesh but what was streaked with fat. He was not a large animal, yet brought me nearly $100 in Mount Gilead market. I will give you his gross and net weight the day he was butchered. His gross weight was only a few pounds over 1,800. The meat, after the kidney tallow was taken out, weighed 1,000 pounds; the hide weighed 137 pounds; the whole of the tallow, after being well tried out, weighed 220 pounds. So you see that the meat, tallow and hide weighed 1,357 pounds, leaving a waste of only 443 pounds, not quite one-fourth. If Mr. Todd or his neighbors can beat the above, through any other process of feeding, we would like to hear from them. I will close by stating that I have horses in my possession that have been fed more or less on the above kind of food from three to five years, and my neighbors will bear me witness that few horses in the country perform more hard service.—*Louisville Journal.*

THE GARDEN.—The garden, under the charge of the lady of the household, should be a sort of "model farm," a sample of "high-farming," which might tempt the lord of the manor into better methods of culture by the force of example on a small scale. However timid we may be of expenditures so large as would be required to manure and cultivate in the best manner the broad acres of the farm, there can be no such excuse for the garden. The difficulty here is that the liege lord is somewhat too stingy of the help absolutely necessary, and thinking the garden of "no account" in comparison of his more extended operations, leaves his lady to help herself as best she may. We utter our protest against a policy so unwise, and insist upon all needful aid in this department.—*American Farmer.*

POTATO EXPERIMENT.

As there is some difference in opinion whether potatoes should be cut or planted whole, or if cut, which part of the potato is best, I give the result of an experiment which I tried the past season.

I planted, the latter part of May, a variety of the long white potato, known here as the New York Gilliflower. I planted the rows of thirty hills each, and they were all dressed alike. I weighed the seed for each row, also the potatoes produced from each row, and the result is as follows:—

First row, two halves of large potatoes in each hill, weight 12¼ lbs., produced 90 lbs.; 2d row, three pieces cut from large potatoes, weight, 4¼ lbs., produced 63 lbs.; 3d row, one large whole one, weight, 13 lbs., produced 85 lbs.; 4th row, three pieces cut from stem end, weight, 7¼ lbs., produced 75 lbs.; 5th row, three pieces cut from seed end, weight, 5¼ lbs., produced 55 lbs.

By comparing the rows with No. 1, I have a gain of 19 lbs. over No. 2, 4¼ lbs. over No. 3, 10 lbs. over No. 4, and 28 lbs. over No. 5. From these figures farmers can easily draw their own conclusions.—*Corres. of Boston Cultivator.*

A HINT TO GARDENERS.—As our houses and gardens are always, more or less, infested with vermin, it is satisfactory to know that *benzine*, an article become sufficiently well known as a detergent, is no less efficacious an agent in insecticide. One or two drops are sufficient to asphyxiate the most redoubtable insect pest, be it beetle, cockchafer, spider, slug, caterpillar, or other creeping thing. Even rats and mice will speedily decamp from any place sprinkled with a few drops of the potent benzine. A singular fact connected with this application of benzine is, that the bodies of insects killed by it become so rigid, that their wings, legs, &c., will break rather than bend, if touched. Next day, however, when the benzine has evaporated, suppleness is restored.—*London Chronicle.*

Useful Receipts.

FRENCH POT AU FEU.—I cannot expect that this truly national soup of France can be made to perfection, or done with so much care as in that country; therefore I have simplified it, and shall call it *The French Cottage Pot au Feu*, or French Soup.

Put a gallon of water in the pot, put four pounds of the buttock of beef, or shin, or five pounds of the thick part of the leg, three teaspoonsful of salt, one of pepper, four onions, four leeks cut in pieces, two carrots, two good-sized turnips, three cloves, one burnt onion, or three spoonsful of coloring; set it on the fire; when beginning to scum, skim it, and place the pot on one side of the fire. Add now and then a drop of cold water; it will make it clear. Boil four hours. Bread sliced, put into the tureen, and pour the broth, with some of the vegetables, over; serve the meat separate, and the remaining vegetables round.

If this simple receipt is well attended to, you will find it a very good soup and bouilli. If you run short of any of the vegetables, make it good with others. If no burnt onions or coloring, the soup will be white, instead of a sherry color; but still it will be good. In France they always put half a pound of ox liver to every four pounds of meat. I am sure they are good judges, over the water, to spoil their soup; in fact, there the ox liver costs as much as the meat—eleven cents per pound; therefore it is not with a view of saving, but to make it better.—*Soyer's Cookery for the People.*

RED STAIN FOR IVORY.—Procure from a military tailor some threads or pieces of scarlet cloth; take a handful of them and boil them in a pint of water, into which a few pieces of alum should be thrown. Let the ivory be immersed in this when very hot until the required tint is obtained.

GREEN DYE.—Wood, silk, and linen are usually dyed green by giving them first a blue color, and afterwards dyeing them yellow; when the yellow is first given several inconveniences follow; the yellow partly separates again in the blue vat, and communicates a green color to it, thus rendering it useless for every other purpose except dyeing green. Any of the usual processes for dyeing blue and yellow may be followed, taking care to proportion the depth of the shades to that of the green required. When sulphate of indigo is employed, it is usual to mix all the ingredients together and to dye the cloth at once; this produces what is known by the name of Saxon, or English green.

MAPLE SUGAR CANDY.—Take five pounds of sugar and half an ounce of cream of tartar; break the sugar and add two tumblers of water; when the syrup boils up throw in a little water and take it from the fire, and skim it; continue to do this while any impurities rise; then boil slowly without stirring until it reaches the sixth degree or crack; drop a little in cold water often, to be able to decide when it is boiled sufficiently; have the pans ready buttered, pour but little in each pan, cool speedily by setting the pans on ice or floating in water, and stretch the candy as soon as it can be handled; if not stretched very warm, it cannot be worked, as it is very brittle. Pull it back and forth with the hands, or throw it over a stretcher until it is as white as possible, then twist it in small strings and break it into sticks. This candy requires great care to make and not have it grain, but is as good as any confectioner's when properly made.

A DELICATE DESSERT.—Here is a dessert which might be prepared in camp during these war times:—Lay half a dozen crackers in a tureen; pour enough boiling water over them to cover them. In a few minutes they will be swollen to three or four times their original size. Now grate loaf sugar and a little nutmeg over them, and dip on enough sweet cream to make a nice sauce; and you have a delicious and simple dessert that will rest lightly upon the stomach—and it is so easily prepared. Leave out the cream, and it is a valuable recipe for sick room cookery.

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 30 letters.

My 13, 19, 9, 15, 22, is *sriver* in Spain.
My 4, 28, 3, 12, 23, 25, is a county in Mississippi.
My 13, 14, 18, 5, is a lake in the United States.
My 17, 18, 24, 29, 21, 22, 9, is a county in Ohio.
My 26, 14, 20, 30, is a river in Russia.
My 1, 6, 2, 23, 17, 16, is a country in Europe.
My 7, 2, 6, 26, 8, 23, 27, 28 is a country in Europe.
My 11, 19, 16, 1, is a river in Wales.

My whole is the name and place of an institution of learning.

Terre Haute, Indiana. TAYLOR.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is found in the ocean,
Beside the mariner's grave,
Oft sleeps in a bed of coral,
And sports in the rolling wave.

My second's of use to the farmer,
Good crops it oft doth insure,
And without which his garner
Would never be secure.

When the dark shadows of night,
O'er sea and land do creep;
My third is in the calm, blue sky,
Where stars their vigils keep.

Threat'ning clouds were flying past,
And high the waves did roll,
But o'er the dark and stormy deep,
In safety rode my whole.

Warren, Vermont. HARP.

OMISSION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 11 letters.

Omit my 1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 8, 10, 11, and I am a web of rope yarn.

Omit my 2, 1, 3, 4, 6, 7, 9, 10, and I am a vessel in which the remains of dead bodies were anciently put.

Omit my 3, 4, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, and I signify to gain.

Omit my 4, 3, 2, 1, 5, 8, 9, 11, and I am a kind of trough.

My whole is contained in the columns of the Saturday Evening Post. SAM. LAIRD.

DOUBLE REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Is a town in Belgium.
Is a desert of Asia.
Is a town of Russia.
Is an island in the Polynesia.
Is any whole number.
Is a range of mountains in Asia.
Is a cape east of Africa.
Is the capital of one of the United States.
Is a cape on the east coast of Africa.
Is one of the United States.
My whole is a great man and place of birth.
My initials form the name, my finals the place of birth. SAMUEL LAIRD.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There are three fine and stately trees, standing on a level plain, all of equal height with each other; from the foot of the first tree to the top of the second tree, standing due east from the first one, is 170 feet; and from the foot of this second tree to the top of the third tree, which stands due south of this second tree, is 208 feet. Now it is known that from the foot of the first tree to the foot of the second tree is 42 feet less than the distance which is found between the foot of this second tree and the foot of the third tree. By this it is expected that the south east sinking hypothenuse, or distance from the top of the first tree to the foot of this said third tree, can be found. Will any one try it?

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.
Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

PROBLEM.

I wish to fence my little garden round
With palisades, but find, on placing them
Six inches (which is rather wide) asunder,
I'm minus seventy-five, but placing them
Just thrice the distance parted, asunder
I've thirty-five *too many*, and can't mete it;
Pray tell me now the number I should have,
At half a foot apart, just to complete it.
J. E. CROWTHER.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ TWO PHILOSOPHICAL RIDDLES.—How is it possible to proceed in two opposite directions at the same time? Ans.—By walking from the forward to the aft part of a vessel while sailing.

Where is the centre of gravity? Ans.—The letter V.

☞ When is a man thinner than a shingle? Ans.—When he is a shaving.

☞ Why may carpenters reasonably believe that there is no such thing as stone? Ans.—Because they never *saw* it.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—Brigadier General Otho Holland Williams. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—"Words once uttered can never be recalled." RIDDLE—Seven. DOUBLE REBUS—Angara, in Asia, (Altai, Nankin, Gordo, Algiers, Retusari, Alabama.) CHARADE—Fox-chase. ANAGRAMS—Canadian, Kennebec, Red Cedar, Delaware, Allegheny, Wabash, Savannah, Penobscot, Merrimac, Greenbrier.

Answer to Daniel Diefenbach's QUESTION, published April 20th.—357.21 perches.—A. S. Stover, Ohio, and Asa Witherell, Franklin Co. New York.

Answer to PROBLEM, by W. W. Straight, published July 7th, 1860.—A must ditch 61.9833999 rods, at 80.90169, in order to entitle him to $50; and B must ditch 38.1966000 rods to give him $50.

Albert M. Martin and Wm. D. Stratford, say that W. W. Straight's Problem cannot be solved, for each to receive $50. I take the position that they misapprehended the true construction of the Problem; for it is evident, that every species of property has a nominal and positive value. The prices at which they agreed to ditch per rod, were adopted as the data, to proportion the ditching and an equal division of the $100. Any one familiar with quadratic equation can readily solve Straight's, and all analogous Problems. Yours, truly,

Oak Flat, Pendleton Co., Va. H. HEMPLE.